MY FRIENDS, THE EDITORS . . . . . By John R. Tunis

THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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by Wenzell Brown

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by Linton Wells
Reviewed by Fletcher Pratt

"MRS. PARKINGTON"
by Louis Bromfield
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"MR. JUSTICE HOLMES"
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—Walter V. T. Clark
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The Saturday Review of Literature

My Friends, the Editors

JOHN R. TUNIS

EXACTLY twenty years ago this month I walked into Erd Brandt's office at 101 Park Avenue with a letter of introduction in my pocket and a busted tennis racquet under one arm. Of all the lucky breaks that have come my way, this was certainly one of the luckiest.

First, because Erd was a tennis player, and although I didn't know it, he seldom paid much attention to letters of introduction. Whereas my broken racquet was a passport straight to his warm heart. (He was a good player too, for whatever the man does, he does well. A scratch golfer, back in the days when Lacoste and Borotra were winning the Davis Cup for France, Erd with his partner Merritt Cutler played them in the Indoor Championships in New York and was only beaten seven-five in the third set.)

Second, this was lucky for me because even in those days Erd was an editor. Nominally he was the junior partner of Brandt & Brandt, literary agents, a firm of which his elder brother Carl was the driving force. Yet even then Erd was an editor and one of the best. For he had and still has that rarest of gifts, the editorial mind. It's hard to describe just what this is. By experience, however, a writer can recognize it in two minutes. He knows by the way a man talks, his manner, the things he says or doesn't say whether that gent behind the desk is an editor or merely shoved in because the business office thinks he'll be easy to handle, or his wife owns stock in the company, or for a dozen reasons much less cogent.

Erd always had editorial genius. He invariably knew where to smell out the idea for a story or an article, just what to do to fix up a seasick plot or bolster a sagging article, when to encourage a writer in those moments of black despair that come to us all, and when to be tough. Especially when to be tough. How many times I used to rush up to the seventeenth floor of 101 Park with an idea, and spill it out to Erd sitting quietly at that window looking over the East River. Erd would wait a second before deflating me.

"Yes? And where's the story?"

Then he would deliver a short lecture about ideas, or articles, or just writing in general. Meaty, illuminating, so simple any student in junior high school could understand. How much Dick Connell, Steve Avery, and the rest of the gang who used to hang around the B & B offices in those days owe Erd, is hard to say. We all owe him lots. It's a debt, I fear, that will never be repaid.

His was a hard school. You wrote and rewrote, you worked on your leads, your endings, until he felt you had them just right. All the time Erd was staying with you, helping by his favorite sentence. "I still think we've got something there. Suppose we do this . . ." Always "we." He insisted on pretending that you were doing the revision also.

—*Photo by Alfred Pach*

Harold Ross

Modest to the point of infuriating one, he'll claim even to this day that he doesn't know as much about the article as the short story. Nothing could be further from the truth. The man's a genius at detecting holes in either, and what's more, telling a writer how to repair them. Writing gents in every state in the Union are under obligation to him, and lots like myself wouldn't be eating but for Erd Brandt. The man's an editor, may his tribe increase. It could without cluttering up the field.

The second editor I was fortunate enough to run into was Harold Ross. This was back in 1925 before the days when Harold spoke only to Wolcott Gibbs and God. The *New Yorker* then was a one man show, and moreover they paid you when, if, and as. It was a period when they would have delighted had you been willing to take payment for your weekly piece in stock. (I wasn't such a sap as all that!) Material went across Ross's desk; he read, checked, and criticized everything even down to Howard Brubaker's paragraphs. He worked longest on the Profile and Reporter at Large pieces, and his remarks on the margin of your manuscript were always pungent and to the point. He had also an irritating way of making you explain the simplest details in your piece, of pretending to be dumb. "If it isn't clear to me it won't be to others," he'd say.

For Ross as for Erd Brandt, you wrote and rewrote, you also cut and then you cut again. Finally you got something fit to print. After a while a gawky goof named Ralph Ingersoll came in as managing editor; in a few years the *New Yorker* had turned the corner and was a Success. Contributors rarely saw the Great Man Himself. But he still read everything, his imprint was over every piece, and you could still learn about the job of writing by submitting an article to his none too tender mercies. Ross was an editor.

One day in 1926 a letter came from a man with whom I used to run on the windy cinder track at Soldiers Field, Cambridge. He was then assistant editor of *Harper's*, and wanted to know whether I felt there was an article to be done on Bill Tilden. I went down to see Fred Allen. "The result," he later said, "was more than an hour of three-cornered discussion with Thomas B. Wells, then editor-in-chief, intense and voluble discussion on the part of John who found the subject one after his own heart, and the beginning of a long and valuable and very friendly association between John ing him constantly in the face. Also

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as article writer and myself as assistant and then associate editor of *Harper's.*"

Like Erd Brandt and Harold Ross, Fred Allen was an editor. Many beside myself must have learned about writing through his steady and patient efforts. Whenever he saw the germ of an idea he was willing to take time to let you fumble around until it was developed. Never in a hurry, no amount of effort was too great if he felt a piece could be improved. Together we fashioned more than one article, and looking back I hate to think how much of them were Fred's—even though they appeared under my name.

If from time to time I did careless work, he was on my neck instantly. In my files is a valuable letter from him; I read it on occasion as good for my immortal soul. In friendly terms he upbraided me for some loose writing, bringing me up short with a page of deserved reproof, and causing at least temporary good in my efforts. Like the others, Fred is an editor and a genius at channelling an idea into the right source, at helping the stumbling writer clarify his thoughts. It's difficult to put into words what those of us who've written for *Harper's* owe him, because what he does for one he does for many. Fred is an editor.

You may object that most editors haven't time to work this way with contributors; that a writer ought to submit his work in such form that it can go into proof immediately. This may be true, yet I suspect that it's an excuse used by men called editors who don't know their job. Perhaps craftsmen like Somerset Maugham and top-liners don't need assistance. But there must be few writers whose stuff wouldn't be improved by cutting, revision, and criticism. Here's where the real editor enters. Because there aren't many authors capable of criticizing their own stuff. It needs an outsider with an objective viewpoint to do this successfully. If every writer turned in perfect copy, one of the reasons for editors would disappear.

Erd Brandt, Harold Ross, and Fred Allen, are editors for the same and different reasons. All have some things in common; great imagination, a capacity for pains, enormous patience with writers, understanding, and the ability to be tough when necessary. Yet from the angle of the writer, not the least important thing is that they know their own minds. When they say no, they mean no. When they say yes, it doesn't mean maybe, perhaps, well on the other hand. I'm in debt to all of them. My bread and butter for twenty years is due to these men who gave me largely of their time and effort.

There were other editors too; Edwin Balmer, with a kind of genius for editing if only he could find your piece buried six deep under that two-foot pile of manuscripts, timetables, letters, stories, articles, matches, books, reports, and heaven knows what on his desk; Ted Weeks, if only he would pause in mid-air a moment and quit being a radio performer and lecture platform prima donna long enough to edit his magazine; Arnold Gingrich, who keeps your story longer than any editor in the United States but has to his credit the discovery of any number of first-class writers; as well as a few other gentry. However, looking back over the years the thing that strikes me is the number of mental mediocrities and minor league personalities installed in editorial chairs; weary men, futile men, frail men, men subservient to and often completely run by the box office. Too many.

From 1922 to 1942, a count shows I sold pieces to well over ninety magazines in the United States. Allowing an average of two editors to a magazine during that period, surely a conservative figure, I can claim some slight experience with the editorial minds of America. In this group of two hundred editors, the three mentioned stand out. Is it more of a coincidence that in a career where the death rate is higher than that of major league baseball managers or Hitler's generals, these three are still going strong on the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *New Yorker*, and *Harper's?* My suggestion to young writers is that if they are lucky enough to find a helpful editor, they better stay with him. Though I did the legwork, the refining of the metal was done by those three men who worked and helped me with eighty per cent of the stuff I have sold in twenty years.

Although my experience with publishers is by no means so extensive, thirteen books with five publishers and an acquaintance with others in the field lead me to believe that there are probably more real editors in publishing than in the magazine game. (Can this be because there is no advertising department to consider?) Or maybe I've been unusually fortunate. For in ten years I have been greatly helped by four editors in four different publishing firms; Dick Walsh of John Day, Cap Pearce now of Duell, Sloan and Pearce, Lowell Pratt of A. S. Barnes, and most of all, Elisabeth Hamilton, editor of juvenile books for Harcourt, Brace.

When I hear authors of books growling at publishers because they are asked to cut, change, and do additional editorial work, I always think; Aha my boy, what you need is ten years hard labor in the magazine salt mines. It's true that the publisher has no weekly or even monthly deadline staring him constantly in the face. Also

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Frederick Lewis Allen

it's true that many magazine editors really do not have time to do a proper job of editing. Most of them couldn't do it if they had all the time in the world. They don't know how.

It's a gift. Elisabeth Hamilton, in common with the three gents above-mentioned, has this gift. She's a genius at that terrible, that difficult thing which for lack of a better word is called editing. Here, she says, take this thing. Go back to work. Don't you see, your lead is here, buried away on page 48. Rewrite chapter four to say this. And this, and this. You need a few sentences in here to bring out the point. No one talks like this on page 219. Change it. Cut that ending to chapter eight and write a new bit in there to explain why this happens. Do a couple of fresh chapters, one to go in here on this. Another to go there on that. If you can, you'll have a book.

You groan because you realize she's right. Because she has put her finger on the weakness of your manuscript. You also groan because you are thoroughly sick of the darn thing. You have worked six months or more on it, you've lived with that idea and those people, you are tired of them and they of you. Your creative urge has vanished, you want nothing more of it. You thought you had finished a book. You haven't. There are three weeks to a month of hard work and additional slogging to come. No wonder you groan.

She doesn't hear. So off you go slugging that tiresome manuscript under your arm. You bring up the lead from page 48. You rewrite chapter four. You change the thing, you revise it, you cut it, you do the new stuff here, and also there. Finally to your surprise you find late one afternoon you have finished. What's more important you have a book. All-American. (Advt.)

"Tell America What They Have Done to Us . . ."

WENZELL BROWN

MAX HILL stood on the deck of the Japanese exchange ship *Asama Maru* as she slid along the coast of Stanley Peninsula into the back passages of Hong Kong. He saw the great, wooded, cone-shaped hills, the blasted forts, the new gun emplacements of the Japanese. Hong Kong itself, "the new Hellhole of the Orient," lay hidden at the foot of the hills. Prisoners were not permitted to see the destroyed cities taken over by the Japanese troops.

"A faded old green and white ferry, the paint peeling from its sides, put out from Stanley Prison Internment Camp. Men and women who were mostly skin and bone struggled onto the *Asama*." Max Hill, chief of the Associated Press Bureau in Tokyo, looked down upon the ragged crowd in search of Vaughn Meisling, the A. P. correspondent in Hong Kong.

Meisling was found. But he was too weak to walk to his cabin. He had beri-beri and dysentery. Yet Meisling's first words were those of pity for the 2,700 British and fifty Americans left behind—behind the barbed-wire entanglements of Stanley Prison Camp, starving to death, without beds, without medicine.

So much we read in Max Hill's new book.* More than 2,700 old men, women, and small children face death behind the barbed-wire of Stanley; another four thousand volunteer troops are starving in Sham Sui Po Camp, located on the mainland across the bay from the Island of Hong Kong. Another 2,000 are in the Argyle St. Camp. A very large proportion of these men are Canadian troops; scattered among the Canadians are hundreds of American boys who crossed the border in order to get into the scrap early.

*EXCHANGE SHIP. By Max Hill. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1942. 312 pp. $2.50.

Max Hill

It so happens that I was one of that ragged crew which Mr. Hill watched struggle onto the *Asama*. For the only time in my life I blessed the physical pain that numbed my mind and shut out the mental torture of the departure from the camp. The trip from the quarters where we were confined to the wharf where the ferry awaited us was not more than a third of a mile; it seemed endless. Some of our English friends took the first part of the trip with us. At the barbed-wire gates, I kissed good-bye to a woman whose unselfish care had perhaps saved my life in the early days of my confinement. I left her standing there with an arm about each of her children. This great, gaunt woman, dressed in a patched and faded pink dress, her legs swollen with beri-beri, her front teeth broken off like chalk, had lost sixty pounds in the camps. Each day she set apart a portion of her completely inadequate rations in order that the children might have "just a little" before going to sleep on the concrete floor of the tiny servant's pantry which had been their home for many months. If they are all alive they will huddle there again tonight. It will be cold; what few blankets there are will cover the children.

THEY turn and walk up the hill to the tiny cemetery in which so many of us who shared the camp now lie. From there they can look out toward the gigantic rescue ship that lies in the harbor and wave good-bye. A young boy, about fifteen, joins them. He walks with difficulty for he has curvature of the spine, caused by months of malnutrition in the Japanese Prison Camp. I walk on through the open gate and for the first time in months I am not hemmed in by barbed wires. Yet I am not free; too much of me remains behind.

Yellow lights seem to be exploding all about me. My feet are covered with great sores. The paper with which I have stuffed the holes in my shoes

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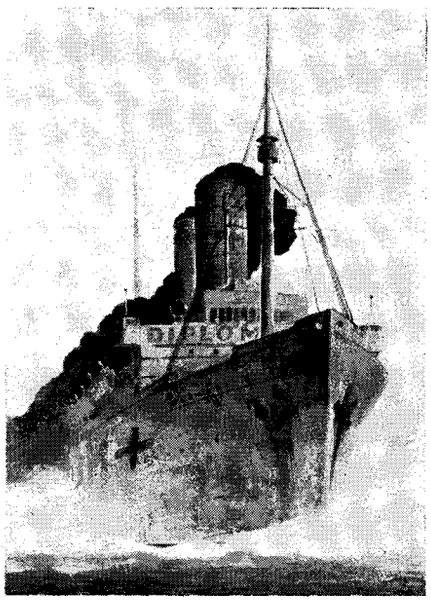
has been torn to ribbons by the sharp rocks of the roadway. The lights turn to bright orange, to red, explode. I no longer see where I am going; I bump into one person, then another. Then an arm about mine. "Let me help you, Nick." It is my friend Phil Harman, the young tennis player who had come to Hong Kong to play exhibition matches for the United China Relief and who had been caught in the inferno of the siege and prison camp. He helped me onto the deck, but I see that he too turns to look back at the cemetery, where the British stand by the low stone walls, waving handkerchiefs.

Mr. Hill's second-hand account of the filthy brothels in which the civilians of Hong Kong were placed after the surrender of the city, of Stanley Prison Camp, and of the deserted city "where famine and pestilence have forced thousands of starving Chinese to become cannibals" seems to be confused by the number of tales which he heard. Mr. Hill does better in telling the story of his own misfortunes. Had he told the story of a single person in Hong Kong, he might have presented a clearer picture of the whole.

The tiny room in which I was first imprisoned in the New Asia Hotel was about seven by five. It had no windows and only one bed. Six of us were pushed into this room. Next door were the toilets. Weeks ago the water system had broken down. Once a day Chinese servants brought up a bucket of water from the streets and sloshed it into the filthy bowls. The water ran over and trickled into our room to form a green coating of slime over the concrete floor. The bed was given over to the oldest of our men who was over seventy (he is dead now). The rest of us could not lie down at the same time. We waited our turns to sleep on the floor on two thin blankets saturated with human excreta. For forty-eight hours we had no food. Then they brought us spoiled meat and rice and we were so hungry that we ate it. The odor of vomit mixed with the stench of the toilets. For twenty-three days we were held here and then came the great news that we could go to Stanley Prison. Again we would see the daylight and be able to get some exercise.

WE were led through the streets as prisoners. At a market we saw a line of Chinese fifteen city blocks long waiting to buy rice. Only able-bodied men capable of working for the Japanese were permitted to buy. Boys were trying to get into the lines. Jap guards patrolled the streets and when they saw a boy whom they considered too small to be useful they drove him from the line. No word was spoken. He was jabbed with a heavy spiked stick. Some boys ran from the line when they were struck; others were knocked to the street and there were struck again and again until they managed to crawl away; still others were so hungry they tried to keep their places in the line. These were beaten until they either ran away or were knocked unconscious.

During the first four months in camp our only food was seven ounces of rice a day (two small bowls), three-quarters of an ounce of meat or fish (often rotten), and one and a half ounces of greens (raised in Chinese gardens and watered with sewage which caused dysentery when eaten). Doctors in the camp claimed that we



—*From the jacket of the book*

were getting less than half the amount required to sustain life. When it was known that we were to be repatriated, our food improved somewhat (the statement provided by Mr. Hill is as of the last few weeks) but the British were put back on their old rations the day we were scheduled to leave the camp.

Mr. Hill's brief account of the eighteen day defence of Hong Kong is oddly enough tainted with the Japanese propaganda stories that swept the camp. Mr. Hill makes one statement which I wish to deny flatly: "A major cause (of the fall of Hong Kong) was the failure of some of the Indian troops to fight." In order to establish my own position I should like to state that I was in Hong Kong throughout the siege, that I did not leave Kowloon until the last ferry across to the main island, and that each day of that terrific struggle, I either stood guard at the blasted Central Market or moved along the fighting lines on the food trucks. I saw Indians fighting side by side with Englishmen, Americans, Chinese, Russians, Portugese, and Canadians. They shared with the Royal Scots the heavy fighting in New Territories and when our lines were hopelessly broken Indian snipers volunteered to stay behind to cover the retreat. On the day before Christmas Indian troops held the ridge known as Black Slink; had the Japanese broken through before the surrender, many American non-combatants billeted on the Peak would have died.

I WALKED across the Black Slink a few days later and stepped across the corpses of scores of Indian fighters who had died defending American and English women and children. After the surrender Sikh Police were forced to act as our guards, but many of them risked their lives to make our lives less difficult. Meanwhile Japanese propaganda sheets printed stories of Indian treachery and willing cooperation between Indians and Japanese. The gullible in our camp swallowed these tales and relayed them to Mr. Hill who undoubtedly accepted them in good faith. There may have been isolated cases of betrayal, but as a group the Indian troops remained loyal and fought valiantly.

Mr. Hill deserves credit for bringing out into the open "the one blot against the American community in Hong Kong" which was "the devious deals in which some of the internees participated with their Japanese captors, so revolting I wouldn't believe them to be true if I hadn't heard them from so many people." One man even obtained a truckload of supplies meant for the hospital and partly loaded with milk for the children of the camp. This he converted to his own use and when he left camp, he was forced to leave behind him hundreds of cans. This man too secured a special room for the storage of his possessions. Nor can the community as a whole be freed from responsibility for he was elected to a post of importance by the Americans who believed that he was best fitted to secure favors from the Japanese for the Americans. It is with a sense of shame too that I must admit that we were willing to accept more than our fair allotment of space, thus depriving the British of a part of theirs, and also that the books of the American Club which were brought into the camp were held for the exclusive use of the Americans.

Mr. Hill writes with great clarity and simplicity the details of his own arrest and imprisonment in Sugamo Prison. He tells with reportorial precision exactly what was said and done. He tells too what the men about him said and narrates, almost casually, the story of their suffering. But neither he nor any of his associates ever come to life. Ray Cromley was separated from his Japanese wife, but was

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permitted to take his three year old son with him to America. Mrs. Cromley waited in the roadway for hours to wave goodbye to her husband. He passed by without seeing her. The Japanese guards knew that she was waiting but did not tell Cromley. He caught only a glimpse of her as she walked away, head down and shoulders sagging. Mr. Hill leaves the story abruptly for a description of the rutted Japanese street along which they were being driven.

Night after night, I slept near Ray Cromley and his young son on the crowded deck of the *Asama*. Each night he laid out the blankets for the little boy with great care. He watched over the sleeping youngster with worried eyes. The day before we arrived in New York he asked me if I knew a place where he and the boy would be welcome. We arranged to meet at my club but I heard that he was taken to Ellis Island for questioning. I have never heard from him since.

What happens to men who are beaten with rubber hose, given the water cure, thrown into prisons crowded with syphilitic Japanese?

What happens within a man who crouches month after month in a prison cell, waiting for the slow death which he believes is inevitable?

And what happens when he is unbelievably freed and permitted to return to his native land? How does he feel when he sees his own flag again, eats decent food, or walks down the broad, bright streets of an American city? Mr. Hill makes no effort to answer these questions. Before us, he parades a group of interesting and intelligent men and women. A few of their tensely dramatic stories, he reports in short, broken sentences as in the case of Dr. Ralph Reiner.

> Arrested by gendarmes and questioned regarding money transactions as treasurer of the mission and on espionage. Later interned and in April committed to return to home. Rearrested, May 1st on espionage charges and subjected for sixteen days to almost continuous beating and water-cures. Kept in crowded vermin-invested cell. Once Japanese policemen ground boot in face. Still carries big welts on wrists, back and knees. Suffering from neuritis as a result of treatment.

Ambassador Grew, Mr. Hill informs us, was aghast when he heard some of these tales late in the voyage home. In two brief paragraphs we are told of a demonstration of the water-cure given before the Ambassador. This so-called cure consisted in pouring water into the victim's nose until he was literally drowned and then resuscitating him. Far more space is given in recounting the seemingly endless poker games in which both the Ambassador

(*Continued on page 22*)

The Atmosphere of Courage

SALUTE TO VALOR. By Linton Wells. New York: Random House. 1942. 280 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

ON the surface this is a straightaway chronicle of individual acts of heroism in the present war, told with that reportorial skill which is one of the outstanding characteristics of the conflict, and with a considerable understanding of the technical performance involved in each case. It has been arranged to bring the men (or women) into association with others of the same service—a chapter on heroes of the British merchant marine, one on the Flying Tigers, the Soviet infantry, the Commandos, etc.; and to make room for many entries each individual narrative is brief. Except for an improved technique of writing chiefly visible in the restraint with which the adverbial phrase is used, it would be possible to match the group with an exactly similar group of stories from the files of any morning paper; or perhaps even from the files of the German morning paper.

It is only when a large group of these feature stories is brought together in one place, as here, that it acquires a special value and a special importance as an atmospheric indicator. It is possible, of course, that the only thing really indicated is the mental atmosphere of the author who chose what stories to tell; but after all he could have hardly assembled so wide a collection without some help from governmental agencies, and since he is not exactly an amateur at writing for public consumption, both choice and treatment must to a considerable degree represent an experienced judgment on the type of incident people consider heroic in this war and the way they want it presented. It is this that makes "Salute to Valor" so very curious a collection. It is a collection for people on the short end of what they fear is going to prove so desperate a war that nothing is to be gained from it but bare life and a chance to pioneer in a broken world.

Linton Wells

For the collection has this remarkable feature: that it consists, not in all cases, but enough to make the generalization stick, of stories not merely of valor, but of self-sacrifice under circumstances so desperate as not only to cause the individual's life to be despaired of, but also to render futile the act itself. After reading the book, one instinctively turns to the front to look for the quotation from Housman.

Thus it is emphasized that the casualties of the St. Nazaire Commando raid were 300 out of 500 engaged and, "the losses were thirty per cent fewer than had been anticipated"; that only thirty-eight out of 500 original volunteers for the Royal Navy's mine dismantling service remain alive. The typical hero is Albert Page, who ran into a bombed and burning gas house to shut off the red-hot valves. In short, it is a collection of heroes who avert defeat, a little piece of defeat, or for a little time, like Bulkeley of the torpedo boats. The hero who performs an act of bravery or intelligence leading to victory is curiously wanting; so is that sailor of infinite resource and sagacity who rafted around the Caribbean for a week, at ease on a salvaged sofa, got a little fishing done, and arrived home in better condition than when his torpedoed ship went down. So is the diverting naval airman who, being lost in the jungle, emerged with a train of native bearers.

Perhaps this emphasis is an accidental by-product in a book that must have been compiled during the days when the war looked darkest; possibly it is deliberate and represents a part of that governmental effort to toughen us up for a hard struggle of which no one can avoid being conscious. But fortuitous or factitious, it is there; and though this is a nice book and a fine parade of deeds, it would be still nicer if we could get from someone somewhere a volume to show that our side does a little prevailing now and then.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

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American Naval Epics

THE U. S. NAVY FIGHTS. By W. Adolphe Roberts. Indianapolis: the Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1942. 275 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by BERNARD BRODIE

OUR Navy has long been wedded to the theory that if discipline makes the man, traditions make the hero. The result has been a heavy emphasis upon the inculcation—or "indoctrination," to use the Navy's own revealing word—of the exploits and particularly of the famous words of our legendary sea captains. Recent Italian experience seems to indicate that heroes are not bred by preaching heroics; and the fact that our own Paul Jones, the boldest and fightingest of all our noble line, appeared at the very outset of our naval history when we had no "traditions" at all should confirm the lesson. On the other hand, there is no question but that there is something inspiriting in a tale of valor, and so long as the policy does not become self-defeating by proceeding to absurdities there is certainly no harm in it. At any rate, a book which sets out to satisfy an appetite for American naval epics deserves to stand or fall on its intrinsic merits.

The plan of Mr. Roberts's book is, as he himself puts it,

> to make clear the unbroken fighting tradition of the United States Navy by means of the stories of individual ships. At least one will be chosen to represent each war in which this country has participated, and for some of the major conflicts there will be two or more ships. Those that played important, lustrous, but not necessarily victorious roles will be selected. The fortunes of the vessel will be followed through to the climactic moment, which will always be at the height of action.

This scheme is applied to the whole span of our naval history, from the Revolution down to the Battle of Midway in the present war.

It is obvious that such a plan provides for something much too episodic to be naval history, but it might permit of some heart-warming stories of American ships and American seamen at war. The story of any naval battle can easily be made exciting if it is told in a fresh and skillful manner. Unfortunately, that is precisely what Mr. Roberts fails to do. The combats described have almost worn thin in the telling, and the author contributes neither spirit nor color in his particular version. There is novelty in his painting in the background for each of the battles covered, but this is at the cost of so much space that the "climactic moment" around which each chapter is organized is compressed into a wholly inadequate and unsatisfying account.

It must be added that several of the combats described were by no means important either strategically or politically, and some of them were scarcely even lustrous. The experiences, for example, of the destroyer *Nicholson* on convoy duty during the first World War would be from the British point of view almost disgracefully uneventful, and in describing them the author permits himself the unwarranted assertion that to the American Navy belongs the major credit for defeating the U-boat in that war and that Admiral Sims was the man chiefly responsible for the institution of the convoy system. In view of the facts it behooves us to be more modest about our share in the business.

One wonders also why the story of the *Monitor* versus the *Merrimac* (or *Virginia*) has to be told again. If because it represented a new departure in naval implements, why not tell of the valorous exploits of the Confederate submarines in the same war, or of the little-known epic about the destruction of the Confederate ironclad *Albemarle* by Lieutenant Flushing and his small band?

On the other hand, as a convenient source-book of American naval valor this volume is likely to please a great many readers. Its historical data are, with a few relatively unimportant exceptions, quite accurate. And since the average American is profoundly ignorant of his Navy's history he will probably find in this book little that is not new to him. To most laymen a serving such as this no doubt will prove much more palatable than the usual naval history.

Story of the Flat-tops

AIRCRAFT CARRIER. By Lieutenant Robert A. Winston. New York: Harper & Bros. 1942. 89 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by PAUL SCHUBERT

THIS slender book deals with the aircraft carrier—deals chiefly in description by the use of United States Navy photographs, some of which are excellent. It also carries a message in text, and it is disappointing to find much of that text used to echo old peace-time wrangles and the debates of the early war days as to the value of aircraft carriers.

The aircraft carrier needs no defense in words, now that action has been joined. This newcomer to navies represents the most powerful punch at the disposition of the modern Admiral. Wherever they have been in action, aircraft carriers have proved devastating in their ability to strike the enemy.

This power of theirs is responsible for the fact that they have seen plenty of action. They have been in the forefront of every Pacific battle, and have inevitably been exposed to enemy action even while they were striking the enemy. Both sides have chosen aircraft-carriers as number one target for naval air attack, and as a result both sides have suffered heavy carrier losses. Losses have been due not so much to the inherent vulnerability of the carrier as a ship, but to devouring gasoline fires which have resulted from ruptured gasoline tanks and pipe lines, and which have ultimately set off ammunition supplies, gutting the vessel and leaving her beyond salvage.

The carrier is more than a ship. She is a mobile air base. It is her unique feature that she can take aerial warfare overseas to the enemy. As a base, she carries all the fuel supplies and servicing facilities to be found at any airdrome. Despite her limited runway facilities, she performs prodigies in getting her aircraft into the air and recovering them again—we learn from this book that she can take them aboard at intervals of one every thirty seconds or less.

The carrier strikes with a combination of dive-bombers and torpedo-bombers, and besides these maintains fighter aircraft for her own protection.

The carrier is still a novelty, still in early stages of evolution. It is certain that many present-day difficulties, such as vulnerability to gasoline fires, will be overcome and that this new type is destined to play an important role in naval warfare for a long time to come. The present book would have been much improved if it had confined itself to a simple and readable exposition of the internal organization of the carrier—the kind of life that goes on in the combined seafaring and aeronautical world of the "flat top." There is room today for much descriptive matter to satisfy public curiosity about this naval newcomer. But the public is little interested, today, in the hangover of the debates between naval aviation and Mr. Seversky, or naval aviators and the "land based" school, or dive-bombers and level-bombers. War is proving the right and wrong of those debates in the fiercest of tests. This book states a case—it sounds like the thinking of last winter. It would be a better book if it told us more about carriers themselves.

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Louis Bromfield's Heroic Lady

MRS. PARKINGTON. By Louis Bromfield. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1943. 330 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

SOME months ago Mark Schorer pointed out in an illuminating article that, although experimental fictionists in the twentieth century have piled up a rich variety of techniques for the exploration of personality, they have singularly failed to create (or at any rate to present) character, a feat in which, with all their naive methods, the great novelists of the past richly succeeded. Whether or not fictional development has got itself up a blind alley out of which it will have to retreat is arguable; certain it is, however, that the primary desire of the novel reader is for story. Story may be on the thin plane of event, as in the mystery tale; or it may rise to three-dimensional richness when character is set in motion. If one keeps this simple truth in mind, one readily sees that not all novelists are good story-tellers and not all story-tellers are good novelists.

Mr. Bromfield is a novelist and story-teller on the second of my two planes. His "Mrs. Parkington" is in the old and rich tradition of Thackeray and Trollope, Howells and Mrs. Wharton. The story moves, and as it moves, the central character, an indomitable old lady of eighty-four, turns with it until, by the end of the tale, we have pieced out her life from her girlhood in Nevada to her indestructible old age in New York. Not for Mr. Bromfield the stream-of-consciousness method nor the delicately balanced point of view; not for him the revelation of subconscious jungles of the mind nor metaphysical problems of human worth. When he wishes to revert to Mrs. Parkington's past he stops the stream of present events long enough to bring the past before the reader; and when he wishes to show that characters are weak or unworthy, he says so after the manner of earlier fiction.

Put thus, the case for "Mrs. Parkington" does Mr. Bromfield considerable injustice. He is neither naive nor maladroit. His old lady is alive and vivid; and if the book is tuned to the familiar theme from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves in three generations, the melody is full-blooded, the interest does not flag. Mr. Bromfield makes Mrs. Parkington the embodiment of the heroism of the age of the robber barons, but his thesis is that heroism is good in itself, and not by virtue of robbery. The later generations of the family grow weaker and weaker until, in the girl Janie, the incarnation of present youth, the cycle is repeated and a new heroism is born.

Again, put thus, the theme of "Mrs. Parkington" is nothing novel, nothing strange. But there are in it a sense of vitality, a wealth of detail, a feeling for the warmth of life which lift it comfortably above the obvious. That Mr. Bromfield does well the lonely female who in old age lives a kind of heroic life his readers already know; and "Mrs. Parkington" is therefore good reading. If it is not a great novel, it is certainly an agreeable one, and it ought to offer that kind of imaginative solace to its readers which the Victorian novelists gave to their clientele and which the smart moderns have all too often neglected to provide.

Louis Bromfield draws an old lady in the best literary tradition.

A Youth and His World

ROBERT CAIN. By William Russell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1942. 339 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

MESSRS. Faulkner, Farrell, and Cain have a great deal to answer for to youth. Hardly a publishing season goes by in which some young novelist is not thrown for a loss in an attempt to imitate one of these venerable and experienced writers; the trouble is they always select the cruder and more sensational manners to imitate; they pass up Cain's real, artistic violence, his sardonic, detached acceptance of ugliness as truly human; they neglect Farrell's fine dramatic facility at the arrangement and promotion of a scene; they observe the amorous excesses of Faulkner's characters and ignore his careful language and management of plot.

Mr. Russell has here managed the incredible feat of combining all the worst features of all three writers. His story is set in cotton country where the whites call the Negroes "nigger" at all times and are almost incredibly brutal to the race—he caps this Faulkner phase with a lynching. Farrell comes in with a big strike scene where debased labor argues in two or three dialects and then tears up the plant, winding up in the brutal proprietors' jail, of course; echoes of all three of the writers are heard in a bedroom scene where the young hero indulges in a good deal of pointless pother on sex that would send any young lady screaming—or rather, yawning—into the night.

The pity of all this is that Mr. Russell writes competently and his psychological plot, the real plot, unencumbered by this imitative "dirt," is a good one. It is simply that of a young Southern boy very determined to learn his own powers and make a place in the world. He has intelligence, he has vigor and determination, but he also has a slight, womanish hysteria which makes him misdirect those powers on every occasion. He marries a mild nymphomaniac who goes neurasthenic, at least; he fails to prevent the lynching of his best friend; he fails to stop the strike violence and then fails in his attempt to take the blame for it; when he goes back to the plantation because of the death of his father, his mother easily gets the upper hand of him and keeps him in the little town.

He slowly realizes the extent of his whole defeat and begins swindling his cotton workers and calling them "nigger." This reinstates him with the other white planters and he ends on the slow grade of poker, whiskey, and indifference.

Mr. Russell may very easily do something good the next time, now that he has got this out of his system.

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"THIS FREEDOM"

PROBABLY some still remember the popular novel by A. S. M. Hutchinson that bore that title twenty years ago. More probably know whence comes the text; how, in the Acts of the Apostles it is told that Paul was due for a scourging, and, questioning the centurion, announced himself a Roman.

> Then the chief captain came, and said unto him, Tell me, are thou a Roman? He said, Yea.
> And the chief captain answered, With a great sum obtained I this freedom. And Paul said, But I was free born.

There is a great talk of freedom in these days. We are fighting for freedom. Yet it seems to us that we are badly in need of redefining the freedom we are fighting for. Natural Man is free born. Disciplines are imposed by the exigencies of human society. Nothing is more precious than the essence of freedom of which St. Paul spoke. Free birth, also, is purchased with a price. Today it is being repurchased with the precious blood of the finest flower of our youth. Therefore today the preservation of the essence is triply important. But just as important is the fashioning of a proper framework for freedom after this war, the building of a more workmanlike domicile for liberty. There will always be a necessity for disciplines. Was man ever wholly free?

The discipline that war teaches is self-sacrifice for the nation and the community. That spirit should be brought over into the peace. A great deal has been said concerning the profit motive. In the structure of society probably only the clergy, educators, and those in the military and naval services, who have no vote, are not ruled by the profit motive. They serve. They "save the sum of things for pay," and often for precious little of that! But the best of them have a vision of their country, a love of it for which they are willing to die.

This is not a vision of doing exactly what they please, in precisely their own way; fixing prices just as they like them; paying what they wish to their workers; hiring and firing as they choose; shrugging off any responsibility to the nation in general. The vision of these men does not view Government control and price-fixing as, in the words of Michael Straight, "a journey into hell, told by an ashen-faced business-man to the National Association of Manufacturers." For the pay of any United States Army or Naval officer is fixed by his Government. The work is assigned. But because, from their youth up, many of them have made drastic sacrifices for their country, this does not make them any the less free men. Neither is he who sacrifices to God the less free. To quote from the great French poet, Charles Péguy, "Because I myself am free, says God, and I have created man in my own image and likeness." Likewise the educators sacrifice, that the truth may live.

But we should like to know just what certain vague semi-political phrases mean which have recently had current circulation? Mr. Hoover still is influential in certain circles. He stated before the National Association of Manufacturers that civilians should enthusiastically coöperate with the Government; yet also said, "Reforms for making America over, no matter how attractive, cannot but dislocate the war effort. . . . A major principle is to organize all these activities so as to assure the return to economic and personal liberty the moment the war is over. Civilian war organization is economic Fascism itself, and if Democracy is to live, these measures must be dissolved." Is that so in truth? Over against it we set Michael Straight's statement that Government-regulated industry already means "a freer, happier, more united, more stable, and a more wealthy America than has ever existed," and his feeling that "The war aim which our people can understand is that the new reaches of equality, of unity, of democratic mobilization will never be abandoned, but will instead be the starting points of further advance." (Is "ashen" not an understatement now for our hypothetical business-man?)

A full-page newspaper advertisement of "Industry's Pledge," was recently sponsored by ten large and important firms. It averred that (from the text of the War Program of American Industry) "It will do everything it can to see that these [the basic American] freedoms are preserved when peace comes, and will oppose anybody who tries to destroy them." We saw what that actually meant after the last war: "Government, take your hands off — return everything to Private Enterprise!" "The Congress of American Industry further pledges that, when, with God's help, the United Nations are victorious, industry will be ready to turn its skill and resourcefulness to the work of peace, to new wonders of production and plenty, etc., etc." A pious spreadeagle pronouncement, which actually means very little. It means considerably less, for instance, than the amazing and successful, present production methods of the almost fantastic Jack & Heintz, Inc., where all employees are "associates" and there are no time-clocks. The irrelevant President Witherow of N. A. M., as *Time* pointed out, reverted (at a convention that cried aloud for real leadership) to the bitter bickerings of the '30s; though, at the same conclave, Henry Kaiser hit the nail on the head with this:

> The first and primary essential [of the post-war world] is employment, a nationwide, yes, a worldwide opportunity for all who want to work. If Freedom to produce is taken literally, it will not be difficult to show that it comprises all the freedoms so recently and so eloquently expressed.

Vice-President Wallace has voiced the Common Man's wonder that in time of war there is employment for all, while in time of peace, Dear Old Private Enterprise can't be bothered with the problem of nation-wide em-

(*Continued on page* 20)

Born July 1: 1942

By Joseph Joel Keith

LIFT the child:
hold him, the high future, in the air.
He is the great gift;
he is the free man of 1962.
There must be no compromise
with his liberty;
no pact with the foe;
no infringement. His future
is growth and light; his betrayal
yesterday and the dark again:
the cave, the club and the captive.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Thanksgiving in London

SIR:—I have just received a letter from Vera Brittain describing Westminster Abbey on Thanksgiving Day. It ought to be published in a really representative literary paper. This is what she writes.

G. P. BRETT, JR.

The Macmillan Co.,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Brett:—

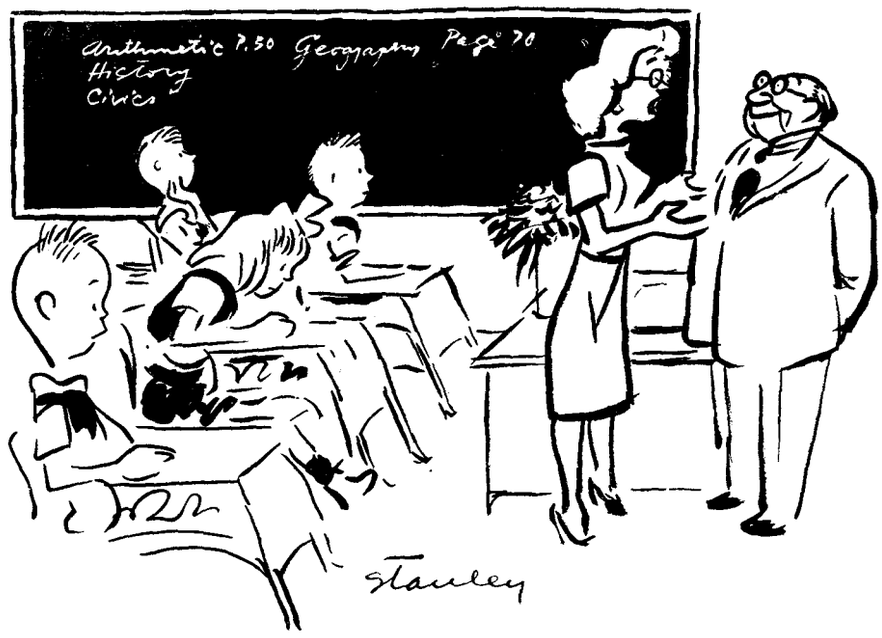
I feel compelled to write you today about the very moving Thanksgiving Service yesterday at Westminster Abbey. No doubt you have read all about it in your papers, but you may like to have a personal description from a British lover of America. It was just the kind of ceremony that you yourself would have been thrilled to see. Gordon and I were very lucky to get in, for not many English people were there at all. It was the first time in all the 900 years of the Abbey's history that it had been handed over to the representatives of another nation.

The morning, though not sunny, was fine and clear after several days of fog. The first thing we saw when we came out of Westminster Underground Station was the Stars and Stripes flying from the Abbey Tower. So far as I remember, this was happening for the first time in our history, too, though there were plenty of American flags on other buildings. The Abbey itself was crowded from end to end; not only were all the seats filled, but the aisles were packed, too. G. and I stood in the West nave close to the grave of the Unknown Warrior, his tomb covered with scarlet poppies. Above our heads was the blue and purple window which is a memorial to the men of the Royal Army Medical Corps in the last war. When you see all the bomb damage in the near vicinity of the Abbey, it seems amazing to find that great Cathedral still almost intact except for a few smashed windows and one or two internal erections of scaffolding. There is now no trace of the surrounding devastation in which I stood just after the last big raid on London in May 1941.

It was an amazing sight to see those rows upon rows of young men in khaki, their ranks broken here and there by a naval man in blue or a nurse in uniform. I don't think I have ever seen so many young Americans all together before; there were over 3,000 of them in the Abbey. The Thanksgiving Proclamation was made by John G. Winant—a man of remarkable appearance, who looks like the American Eagle personified. The four American chaplains who took part were James L. Blakeney, who preached the sermon; Maurice W. Reynolds, Chester R. McClelland, and Furman E. Jordan. I did not know any of their names, but you probably will. Seeing those young men all together, especially in contrast with the homely and homogeneous British crowd outside the Abbey, made me realize the distinguishing characteristics of American citizens more clearly than I have ever realized them in the United States themselves. You could not have mistaken them for soldiers from the Dominions. Recognizably on their faces were the characteristics of the many peoples from which the American nation is moulded—Polish, Czech, Slavonic, Scandinavian, German, Italian, Irish, Dutch, and French—to say nothing of the many men who were obviously of Anglo-Saxon stock, and the good-tempered full-blooded Negroes who get on so well with our Tommies over here.

At the end of the service we all sang two hymns which most of the British people present did not know, though I have heard them in the United States—"America the Beautiful," and "Lead on, O King Eternal." Right at the end the organist—a Corporal who at home is organist of the Reformed Church of Patchogue, Long Island,—played "God Bless America," apparently on his own. It was marvellous to hear those young men singing it. The service ended with Mr. Winant, followed by Mr. Anthony J. Biddle, walking down the main aisle beside the Dean of Westminster (Dr. de Labilliere, G.'s old acquaintance and a friend of his father). Altogether it seemed a remarkable and significant occasion for the descendants of the men who first shook the dust of England off their feet so many centuries ago! Let us hope that this, rather than some of the controversies we hear of, is the true symbol of Anglo-American relations after the war.

VERA BRITTAIN.



"They know the answers but won't say anything unless we offer prizes."

Skinnegan's Teeth

SIR:—Dear me! Here come Campbell and Robinson and "pointedly asked with gaeilish gall wodkar blizzard's business Thornton had with that Kane's fender only to be answered by the aggravated assaulted that that that was the snaps for him, Midweeks, to sultry well go and find out if he was showery well able." (p. 63).

The plague of plagiarism pursues us, who knows? How knoweth Campbell and Robinson? Or will their "Skeleton Key" reveal closets skeletons galore?

Hurry please with the "Key." Or most of us will be mouldering skeletons along with Joyce and, one suspects, the key, if there be one, to "Finnegans Wake."

WILHELMINA BRYAN.

West House, Hopkins, Minn.

SIR:—

The right-and-wrong of "Finn" and "Skin"
Has raised a din of angry voices,
While, blissfully exempt of sin,
Wilder, withal, re-Joyces.

MELVILLE CANE.

SIR:—What are you trying to do—drive people into reading Joyce? Has everyone gone stark mad? Aren't things bad enough as they are?

LIV ANLET LIV.

New York, N. Y.

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TRADE Winds

THE RECENT PIECE in this journal by Joseph Campbell and Henry Morton Robinson, in which they alleged that Thornton Wilder had garnered "The Skin of Our Teeth" from the pages of James Joyce's "Finnegans Wake," resulted at least in a lot of fine publicity for the *SRL*. The play itself was already turning crowds away at the door, and needed no additional ballyhoo. Wolcott Gibbs and Burton Rascoe rushed out hilarious pieces about the charge. Gibbs meant to be funny. The play's management took the precaution of trumpeting Alexander Woollcott's temperate pronouncement that it was the greatest comedy of the age. Wilder wisely said nothing. Tallulah Bankhead wistfully inquired "Who the Hell am I supposed to be, anyhow?" A taxi driver, piloting Freddie March home from the theatre, said "I'm glad you have a hit, Mr. March, but I never picked up so many fares from a hit in intermission before!" "The Skin of Our Teeth," in short, seemed to mystify almost as many people as the book that we are asked to believe it stems from.

Mr. Wilder is attempting nothing less in his play than the story of mankind. The limited scope of his subject may account for the fact that it bogs down seriously in the third act. By this time the calculated jabberwocky of William Saroyan, Sinclair Lewis, H. G. Wells, and Olsen and Johnson begins to wear very thin, and the allegory grows repetitious. We are all positively indestructible, Mr. Wilder assures us. Endless catastrophes are our lot, and Lilith, or Sabina, the eternal Jezebel, will always seduce us (that's Tallulah's part and as she plays it, it's a fate that seems eminently endurable), but we'll always survive by the very skin of our teeth. Mr. Wilder does a vast amount of adult clowning in the course of his allegory, and a superb job of direction helps to make his play decidedly worth seeing. Further than that, we hardly see cause for such a concentrated literat-tat-tat of critical siege guns. The people who sat behind us were particularly indignant at the sometimes bewildering goings-on. It developed that they thought they had tickets for "Angel Street."

The Campbell-Robinson piece sent us scuttling for our treasured, if unopened, copy of "Finnegans Wake." The first sentence of this book reads "riverrun, past Eve and Adam's, from swerve of shore to bend of bay, brings us by a commodius vicus of recirculation back to Howth Castle and Environs." The second paragraph clarifies the situation by adding "Rot a peck of pa's malt had Jhem or Shen brewed by arclight and rory end to the reggin-brow was to be seen ringsome on the aquaface." It's our theory that anybody who can turn that sort of thing into a smash hit on Broadway is entitled to everything he can get. Our own definition of a masterpiece certainly does not cover a book that is utterly incomprehensible to ninety-nine per cent of the literate public . . .

TO ADD TO THE CONFUSION prevailing in literary circles, a lady has come forward with the claim that she is the creator of "The G-String Murders," and has slapped a suit on Gypsy Rose Lee. Miss Lee protests that the suit is not only an outrage, but that it's crabbing her act . . . Social notes: Brooks Atkinson has arrived in Chungking. The Walter Wangers are infanticipating. Erskine Caldwell has married a twenty-year-old University of Arizona student named June Johnson. Van Wyck Mason has been promoted to lieutenant-colonel. He is stationed at the College of Military Government in Charlottesville. And over in Astoria, Long Island, two distinguished privates have been assigned to the Signal Corps: Dashiell Dammett and William Saroyan . . .

VINCENT SHEEAN, in his forthcoming "Between the Thunder and the Sun," reports that an English bus conductor told him this anecdote in the midst of an intensive raid: "There was a bloody monkey hanging by his bloody tail in the jungle when along came a bloody air-raid warden. One monkey says to the other monkey, 'Look out, Jock. here's this bloody b - - - comin' along to civilize us!' " . . . C. S. Forester is on the West Coast working on a new novel that will probably be called "The Ship." It will deal with the exploits of a cruiser assigned to guide a large convoy under the noses of the Italian navy in the Mediterranean last March. Mr. Forester gathered much of his material from a voyage on *H.M.S. Penelope*. If you've forgotten what a rip-roaring tale of excitement he can spin look up an old story of his called "The African Queen." We liked it as well as "Captain Hornblower" . . .

Thornton Wilder attempts the story of mankind and goes in for clowning.

SOME DAYS AGO, Howard K. Smith, CBS correspondent in Berne, announced that the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Hitler's own paper (until it can be restored to its rightful owners) had published a story about the books that "got America into the war." Katherine Gauss Jackson, of Freedom House, and Charles Denhard persuaded Paul White, of CBS, to cable a request for the complete list of books mentioned in the *Zeitung* story. This is it:

H. R. Knickerbocker—Is Tomorrow Hitler's?
Joseph C. Harsch—Pattern of Conquest.
Wallace Duell—People Under Hitler.
Douglas Miller—You Can't Do Business with Hitler.
Frederick Schuman—Design for Power.
Gustav Stolper—Age of Fable.
Robert St. John—Land of Silent People.
Winston Churchill—Blood, Sweat & Tears.
Pierre Van Paasen—The Time Is Now.
Pertinax—The Grave Diggers.
Genevieve Tabouis—They Called Me Cassandra.
Sigrid Undset—Return to the Future.

The names of Edward Murrow, Quentin Reynolds, and William L. White were also mentioned in the article, which wound up with this significant sentence: "All of the above pale into insignificance beside William Shirer's 'Berlin Diary!' " President Roosevelt coined the phrase "Books Are Weapons in the War of Ideas." The Nazis know he is right. As a matter of fact, Bill Shirer's book did awaken thousands of heedless Americans to the stark realities of the Nazi menace, and we think he deserves a citation from the Government in recognition of his services . . .

'NEATH THE SUNNY SKIES of the O.W.I. Jerome Weidman is giving birth to his

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new novel, tentatively titled "Along These Shores" . . . Sergeant E. J. Kahn, author of "The Army Life," is taking advantage of his assignment in Australia to profile General MacArthur for the *New Yorker* . . . The first three books on Guadalcanal will be Richard Tregaskis's "Guadalcanal Diary," Ira Wolfert's "Battle for the Solomons," and John Hersey's "Into the Valley" . . . The inevitable deluge of books on the North African invasion will follow before you can say "Sfax" . . . H. G. Koppell, who founded the Alliance Book Corporation, and published Valtin's "Out of the Night," is no longer associated with the firm. William B. Ziff is now president . . . Helen Taylor is the new assistant editor of Henry Holt . . . Ben Huebsch remarks that the current best seller list sounds like a woman's wear advertisement, and cites titles like "The Robe," "Night Shift," and "Longs and Shorts" to prove his point . . . Paul Gallico's story of British faith and courage at Dunkirk, "The Snow Goose," has crossed the eighty thousand mark . . .

MACRAE-SMITH'S advertisements for F. Yeats-Brown's "Pageant of India" indicate that Dr. Daniel A. Poling went all out in his commendation of the book. The good doctor's exact words were "unbelievably adequate" . . . At the height of the holiday rush, a slightly befuddled matron wandered into Dutton's Bookstore. "Is this Scribner's?" she inquired of a clerk. "No madam," was the reply, "It's Dutton's." "Oh," said the lady. "I saw the sign 'Dutton's' on the window, but I thought it might be Scribner's!" . . . And Baker & Taylor received a package from the Columbia University Press marked "Books: Rush." The contents consisted of one (1) electric stove. This mystery is as yet unsolved . . . Irwin Edman, the incorrigible raconteur, tells the story of a lad who introduced the new deacon to his slightly deaf father. "Pop," he said "this is the new deacon." "New dealer?" queried the father in surprise. "No, no, not new dealer. New *DEACON*," repeated the lad. "He's a son of a bishop." The father nodded wisely. "They all are," he sighed . . .

College courses are being abbreviated daily to cope with the emergency. A salesman at the Princeton Co-op reports a serious incident on the Nassau campus as a result thereof last week. It appears that a student left the room to go to the washroom, and missed his entire Sophomore year . . .

BENNETT CERF.

Biography and Biographers

According to an extract from *Iris Oifigiuil*, dated November 20th, 1942, the following books have been prohibited in Eire on the ground that they are "in their general tendency indecent":

"Dragon Seed," by Pearl S. Buck (Macmillan); "I Live Again," by Warwick Deeping (Cassell); "The Killer and the Slain," by Hugh Walpole (Macmillan); "Lapse into Lunacy," by Eliot Crawshay-Williams (Long); "Peek's Progress," by Neil Bell (Collins); "School for Eternity," by Harry Hervey (Macmillan); "The Bride Wore Black," by John Drummond (The Book Club); "Millie," by Donald Henderson Clarke (Long).

The following book is prohibited on the ground that it "advocates the unnatural prevention of conception":

"Modern Light on Sex and Marriage," by Douglas White (Skeffington).

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

THE POET'S VOCABULARY

Poets, as everyone knows, are licensed people, and one of the things they may do is to make use of unusual words in their poems. The 20 words listed below are so far out of the ordinary that even if your name isn't Kieran you should be able to recall the poems in which they appear. Allowing 5 points for each poem or poet you can name, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers on page 20.

1. beastie
2. boomlay
3. crannied
4. dog-dirty
5. dulcimer
6. gizzards
7. glisters
8. juba
9. liquefaction
10. madding
11. mandrake
12. nuncheon
13. prunella
14. rigadoon
15. runcible
16. tintinnabulation
17. vorpal
18. walcum
19. yawp
20. yester-year

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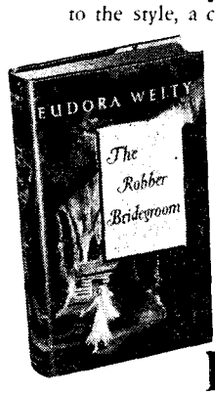
haunting and seductive new story...

"A modern fairy tale, where irony and humor, outright nonsense, deep wisdom and surrealistic extravaganzas become a poetic unity through the power of a pure exquisite style. Once again the wealth of her talent has been proved." — MARIANNE HAUSER, New York *Times Book Review.*

"If this is a dream, it is one of the gay, soaring kind, without a breath of nightmare and with humor as sly and irresistible as anything in 'Candide.' For all her wild, rich fancy, Miss Welty writes prose that is as disciplined as it is beautiful."—*New Yorker.*

"With eerie beauty and wayward humor, Eudora Welty has turned from realism to fantasy in her new book. What one finds here is enjoyment, untrammeled, diverse, witty and unique."
—KATHERINE WOODS, *Tomorrow*

"There is a haunting, unearthly cadence to the style, a cruel and eerie humor to the writing that is arresting and powerful." — ORVILLE PRESCOTT, New York *Times.*



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Wolf-Children and Genetic Psychology

THE DIARY OF THE WOLF-CHILDREN OF MIDNAPORE (INDIA). By J. A. L. Singh and FERAL MAN AND CASES OF EXTREME ISOLATION OF INDIVIDUALS. By Robert M. Zingg, Ph.D. (IV. Contributions of the University of Denver). New York: Harper & Brothers. 1942. xli + 379 pp. $5.

Reviewed by ARNOLD GESELL

THIS is a remarkable book. And a unique one for it contains the first, authentic, detailed account of the development of two children who were rescued from a wolf den, and who then came under the beneficent influences of an orphange in the province of Bengal, India.

It is a doubledeck book, for the Diary by the Reverend J. A. L. Singh is supplemented with a scholarly exposition by Professor Robert M. Zingg, who, as an anthropologist, summarizes thirty-five additional cases of feral and other extreme forms of isolation. For good measure, a complete translation of von Feuerbach's extended account of the celebrated case of Kaspar Hauser is included.

The whole subject and the extant literature are much more vast than one might suppose. A bibliography on the case of Kaspar alone numbers over one thousand titles. In 1801-06, Jean-Marc-Gaspard Itard wrote his classic "Rapports et Mémoires sur le Sauvage de L'Aveyron." The famous French physician recounts years of observation and of patient training, which, however, failed to redeem Victor, the Wild Boy of Aveyron, who had been seized while roaming the Caune Wood, quite naked, seeking acorns and roots to eat. Victor was abandoned at the age of five, captured at about the age of twelve, and lived to be forty.

Amala and Kamala, the two "wolf-girls," were apparently abandoned in infancy. Amala was about eighteen months old, Kamala perhaps eight years old, when they were rescued under dramatic circumstances and taken to the orphanage. Amala died within a year, Kamala when she was seventeen years old. The Diary chiefly concerns Kamala.

Her response to the humane and humanizing environment of the Midnapore Orphanage forms a significant contrast to the career of Victor. For Kamala, by her slow and steady, though meager, progress, gave evidence of original normality; while Victor was in all probability a mentally deficient child, from birth or early infancy.

It is because of her potential normality that the life history of Kamala assumes importance for the study of man. The implications for cultural anthropology and for genetic psychology are far-reaching; for here we have almost a crucial experiment which puts to test the age-old issue of Nature versus Nurture. The Reverend J. A. L. Singh must have sensed these implications, for, although not trained as a scientist, he included in his simple, unpretentious entries, numerous concrete observations on physical, emotional, social, and intellectual characteristics. Mrs. Singh was an indispensable coadjutor. She is an expert masseuse, and early every morning with rare devotion she skillfully and tenderly massaged Kamala from head to feet, not neglecting the arms, for Kamala had become completely habituated to a quadrupedal form of locomotion, on plantigrade palms and soles. This was truly a therapeutic laying on of hands, an essential part of the long and complex weaning process which finally brought Kamala to a psychological identification with human modes of life.

For Kamala had to be weaned from wolfways. At first she crouched in a corner, preferring isolation to companionship, night to day, raw food to cooked. She lapped her gruel as a dog laps; she vocalized in a growling manner. She ran on all fours. She preferred the animal pets to her fellow orphans. But gradually she succumbed to the socializing impacts of the daily life of the orphanage (and the massage). In 1921, she showed her teeth when children approached; in 1922, she walked on her knees; in 1923, she stood alone on two feet; in 1924, she spoke her first spontaneous word; in 1925, she drank from a cup; in 1926, she had a vocabulary of thirty words; in 1927, she went on simple errands and helped to mind the babies; in 1928, she could speak in short phrases and sentences; in 1929, she died from uremia. "Thus ended a life in our Orphanage, and there ended my study of her." With these words the diary also ends.

For a variety of reasons which themselves make a story, the publication of the diary was delayed. In the interval, Reverend Singh rearranged the original entries and classified them into eighteen separate chapters. He sought thereby to give order to his material. Many readers will regret that the diary was not left in its original sequence; but this defect has been partly remedied by a detailed chronology compiled by Bishop H. Pakenham-Walsh, who also contributed an excellent preface to the diary. He vouches unreservedly for the integrity of Reverend Singh, and he himself made observations of Kamala on two different occasions.

If further support for the authenticity of an all but incredible story is necessary, it is supplied in several directions: first and foremost, the internal evidence of the diary; the numerous and convincing photographs; the affidavit of the District and Sessions Judge E. Waight; the searching investigations over a period of five years by Professor Zingg; the foreword commentaries by Professor R. Ruggles Gates of the University of London and other scholars.

A certain measure of substantiation is also afforded by the survey of cases assembled in the second half of the present volume. Professor Zingg took great pains to explore all the available literature. The data are set forth impartially without dogmatic appraisal. This material is of variable and sometimes doubtful validity. It will nevertheless serve to give perspective to a study which is at once forbidding and fascinating. At any rate, we now have a source book to which the curious, the skeptical, and the convinced can all repair. Whether the reader will accept or reject the evidence concerning Kamala, or will tenaciously suspend judgment depends—on the reader! The reviewer, for his part, has analyzed the evidence in considerable detail; and has had correspondence with the Reverend Singh and Mrs. Singh. He has found no solid reason for doubting the basic truthfulness of the diary record.

The issues of this most singular life story go deep. Profound prejudices are stirred if not awakened. We shun instinctively too close identification with *lupus* or even with *canis familiaris*. Nevertheless, in these days of inhuman warfare, we may have reason to temper with a trace of humility, our sense of superiority over the wolf species. We must also be prepared to learn that now in Europe as well as in Asia some children may again be reduced to feral conditions and abnormal isolations.

As for Kamala, her strange story strengthens our faith in the stamina of human nature, and the potentialities of human growth. She, even more than the Wild Boy of Aveyron, justifies the valiant sentiment of J. M. G. Itard: "Cast upon this globe without physical strength or innate ideas, incapable in himself of obeying the fundamental laws of his nature, it is only in the heart of society that man can attain the preëminent position which is his natural destiny."

Arnold Gesell is director of the clinic of Child Development of the Yale School of Medicine. He is the author of a large number of books including "Wolf Child and Human Child."

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The Stature of Holmes

MR. JUSTICE HOLMES. By Frances Biddle. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1942. 214 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BERNHARD KNOLLENBERG

THIS sketch, in twelve chapters, of the life and work of Mr. Justice Holmes is an exceptionally delightful, balanced, and interesting book. I raced through its two hundred pages without halt when I first picked it up and have thoroughly enjoyed rereading it in preparing this review.

The first half of the book deals with Holmes's family background, his outstanding bravery as a young officer in the Civil War, his writings in the field of law, his Boston practice, and his twenty years of service on the Massachusetts Supreme Court. When Holmes was sixty-one, President Theodore Roosevelt appointed him an Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, where he served for thirty years until his resignation in 1931. The last half of the book deals with his work, his reading, and his wife and friends and his life in Washington. Almost the whole of one chapter in this part of the book is devoted to his exchange of letters with his young Chinese friend and disciple, the learned Mr. J. C. H. Wu. A beautifully conceived and written passage covering Holmes's three years of lonely retirement (Mrs. Holmes had died in 1929) concludes the sketch.

The author, the distinguished Attorney-General of the United States, has maintained a fine balance between the anecdotal and other personal touches which enliven the book and the marshalling of the essential facts concerning Holmes's legal writing, judicial opinions, and other activities. Furthermore, in his statements of fact, Mr. Biddle is admirably detached—remarkably so considering that he spent his first year after Harvard Law School as Holmes's secretary and became a devoted friend. But the facts set forth fail to support Mr. Biddle's opinion that:

> Holmes touched something deep in the imagination of the American people. His position in American history is secure, and he will, I am inclined to think, take his place in the line of great men whose existence symbolizes for us what we cherish and find difficult to define—Washington . . .; old Franklin . . . ; Jefferson . . . ; Marshall . . . ; Lincoln . . . These great men catch and hold the national faith, because they express universal aspirations . . . understand the human need of their fellows, and somehow come to symbolize what, from generation to generation, goes into making up the national inheritance. I believe that Holmes will share this lot, and be remembered

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for something more universal than his contribution to law.

If I were to venture a prophecy on Holmes's probable lot as a historical figure, it would be somewhat as follows: he will have an enduring reputation among historians in the field of law, because his "The Common Law" is scholarly, provocative, and original. Lawyers and judges will continue to cite and quote his opinions, but not more often than those of a dozen other able justices of the Supreme Court. A very small group of lawyers and scholars will continue to read and relish all of his writings for their wit, charm, and skepticism. For the rest, Holmes will be forgotten.

There is no evidence in Mr. Biddle's book or elsewhere that the Justice has won general recognition as a great man among the American people of our own generation, much less that he is likely to share the lot as a historical figure of those named by Mr. Biddle. These men all took action which had a direct, profound and obvious effect on the nation's history. Washington and Franklin risked the consequences of treason to win by sword and diplomacy our independence from Britain; Jefferson repudiated his cherished interpretation of the Constitution to secure the vast territory stretching from the Mississippi to the western mountains; Marshall, violating judicial tradition, seized and dealt in a hotly partisan spirit with questions not properly before him in order to enforce his view that the United States were a union, not a confederacy; and Lincoln plunged us into a terrible war to preserve that union intact.

Holmes had no opportunity for action of a historically decisive character during his thirty years on the Supreme Bench. But even if he had, I think he would not have seized it. In the *Marbury* case he would have observed that the Court was not called upon to decide any great constitutional question, and, unlike Marshall, would have limited his decision to the unimportant point at issue. For he was a fighter when his business was to fight, but he was preëmnently the judge when his business was to judge. He was much like Lord Balfour, of whom Lloyd George said "his mentality was too detached for the zeal that is born of unquestioning faith without facts." Such men, when placed on the bench, attain the respect, the veneration, of their fellow judges and contemporaries at the bar, but they do not get themselves enrolled among the great names of history, and their characteristics, however admirable, are not widely enough known to catch or hold the national faith.

Bernhard Knollenberg, a lawyer, is at present librarian of Yale University.

The Philosophy of the Single Taxer

ECONOMICS SIMPLIFIED. By E. E. Bowen, M.D., and George L. Rusby. New York: Robert Schalkenbach Foundation. 1942. 286 *pp.* 50 *cents.*

Reviewed by SYLVIA F. PORTER

As easy as "War without Inflation" is to read and appreciate, so as difficult to digest and believe is "Economics Simplified," which is nothing more than a plea for the "single tax" philosophy by E. E. Bowen, M.D., and George L. Rusby. If you're a "single taxer"—that is, you believe there should be only one tax and that tax should be on land—then go ahead, read this, and be comforted that you're on the right track. If you're not a "single taxer" (and it so happens this reviewer is not, so some prejudice may creep into this appraisal), you still may want to read the book to discover how the single taxer reasons and what makes his philosophy click. But under no circumstances approach "Economics Simplified" in the hope that it will simplify economics. It won't. Just the contrary.

In case that blunt statement does not convince you, Dr. Bowen's second chapter on terms and definitions in economics should. The author begins with the statement that "economic principles are just as exact and as unchangeable as those of mathematics and mechanics." He proceeds to the premise that "since political economy (economics) is the science which treats of the nature of wealth and of the natural laws governing its production by and its distribution among men living in society, and since we wish to discover what it is that prevents the full enjoyment of Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness—what it is that causes our economic problem, it is to the science of Political Economy we must turn." Then, Dr. Bowen gets into his terms and definitions. To wit:

"Land: the whole universe excepting man and what man makes therefrom which has exchange value;

"Labor: Human energy, mental and physical, applied to land, to produce material things having exchange value;

"Wealth: Any material thing, produced by labor, from land, which has exchange value."

Dr. Bowen feels very strongly about definitions, says, in fact that "the Civil War was caused, indirectly, by incorrect definitions, and the same is true of our economic problems of today."

The book is divided into two distinct parts. The first ten chapters by Dr. Bowen comprise the ten sections of a series of notes with accompanying review questions used by the author in a series of lectures on economics. (Admittedly unfair sample: "Is a slave wealth? In economics, what is the difference between a slave and a domesticated horse? Between a slave and a wild horse? Why?") The second part of "Economics Simplified" appears under the sub-title, "Smaller Profits, Reduced Salaries and Lower Wages—the Condition, the Cause, the Cure," and is a revised edition of George L. Rusby's booklet on the single tax. According to the foreword between 150,000 and 200,000 copies of Rusby's booklet have been circulated in the United States alone since the first edition was published forty years ago.

It is the contention of Dr. Bowen and of Rusby that the basic reason for our economic ills is private property—speculation in land, the fact that landowners do not *use* but do speculate in land.

> If we wish to eliminate undeserved low wages, unemployment and poverty we must destroy private property in land [Dr. Bowen argues over and over again]. "Until this is done, the greater part of the pecuniary benefits of every improvement made in society will go to the land-owners. This must be so, if the economic laws as we have worked them out are correct.

"The power to tax is the power to destroy." Long before Dr. Bowen, that sentence was the basis for a revolution. Logically then,

> private property in land can be abolished easily by eliminating all opportunity to make a profit by mere land-owning. . . . If a policy of taxation were adopted which would make it impossible for any landowner to make a profit, purely as a landowner, then speculation in land would die a natural death.

What Dr. Bowen says in the first ten chapters, Rusby repeats with additional elaboration in the last sixty-four pages. To detail the argument of the single taxer would be to write the book all over again, a not-too-happy thought. But to be fair, the courageous reader might be referred to the quotation of James Henry Robinson which opens the book: "It should be our pride to revise our ideas and not to adhere to respectable opinion, for such opinion can frequently be shown not to be respectable at all."

So if you want to find out about the single tax and are curious to know just how its proponents teach the conclusion that one tax on land would solve every economic evil in our system, read "Economics Simplified." But know what you're getting into before you start.

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The Critics Attend Their Openings

INSIDES OUT. By John Mason Brown. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1942. 202 *pp.* $2.

MEMOIRS OF A GUINEA PIG. By Howard Vincent O'Brien. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1942. 238 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by THOMAS SUGRUE

SCIENCE is the faith of modern man, and none among the great congregation of the test tube and micrometer caliper is more devout than the newspaperman. Taught from his first days in the city room to respect a fact as he would his mother, the journalist is putty in the hands of a man who uses fractions and decimal points to describe the condition of his blood, and gives a Latin name to the funny pain in his chest. No medieval poet ever scurried more rapidly to his alchemist, no Borgia raced more quickly to his astrologer, than taxis the scrivener of today to his favorite specialist when things go awry.

John Mason Brown and Howard Vincent O'Brien are newspapermen, and very good ones. Brown is a New York drama critic; O'Brien is a Chicago columnist. They have been to see their doctors, as all good reporters should, and now, practising the only self-defense they know, they have written books about what happened. Brown had an operation; O'Brien hasn't had anything yet, not even relief. He's been going to doctors for eight years, trying to find out why he has spots before his eyes. He still has the spots; the doctors have his money. But he retains his faith in the medical profession; he is trying new cures. As the book closes he is enduring simulated high altitudes in a pressure chamber and has given a lock of hair to a man looking for arsenic.

Both authors treat their subject matter humorously, but otherwise the books are dissimilar. Brown had an easy time. His ailment was diagnosed immediately and correctly; he was given a local anesthetic and allowed to watch the proceedings; the operation was successful; he was out of the hospital and home in two weeks. Hence he treats the whole thing as a lark; it reads like the script of a Hollywood screwball comedy. He caricatures the doctor, the nurses, and the orderly; he insinuates neuroses into the already riddled constitutions of his fellow patients; he toys with schizophrenic notions of himself. There are times when it is obvious that the book would have been funnier if the incidents described in it had happened to a woman. Brown's modesty gets in the way when the nurses come after him (Oh! what Rabelais would have done with a setup like that!). There are other times when it's nip and tuck as to whether the skimpy material will stretch far enough to make a book. But Brown keeps going, and to his credit it must be said that he remains witty, amusing, and full of sly comment to the end.

Thus Brown, whose faith in science and his doctor is not even mildly shaken. He is one type of patient, the man who gets a pain, goes to the doctor, takes his medicine, and gets well. O'Brien is the other type. He is a cryptogenic, which means that he is a mystery to the men of medicine. They know what is ailing him from the standpoint of effect (so does he, of course), but they cannot find the cause. Therefore his book, though also in a humorous vein, is not at all like a screwball comedy. It reads, instead, like the script of a Charlie Chaplin film. The laughs are sandwiched in between pathos, frustration, longing, and hopes dashed.

The specks which O'Brien constantly saw before his eyes turned out to be blind spots. He was suffering from retrobulbar neuritis, or, to put it bluntly, inflammation of the optic nerve. That was the effect; the cause remained hidden. So O'Brien started on the medical merry-go-round which is the fate of the cryptogenic. He was given the foreign protein treatment, the typhoid serum treatment, the artificial fever therapy treatment, the gold salts treatment (he calls that his "Summer of Heavy Metals"); he tried diet, massage, manipulation, foot therapy, physiotherapy; he was tested for allergies, he was examined at the Mayo Clinic. Still the scotomoas—the spots—remained with him, sometimes improving, sometimes getting worse. He is not grieved with the doctors; he sympathizes with their bewilderment. But he wishes something would work. As the book ends the scotomas are getting worse, and no cure has been found.

That doesn't sound like a funny story, and it wouldn't be were it not for the fact that Howard Vincent O'Brien (his courage deserves the salute of all three names) hasn't a drop of self-pity in his frequently tested blood, and looks on the whole weird procedure as a game in which he happens to be playing a part. He is highly amused at the picture of man, full of knowledge, running around with spots before his eyes trying to find out what causes them.

It seems contradictory to describe both these books as humorous, since they deal with such widely different experiences; yet both are lightly done and tailored to produce laughs. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that Brown's is a humorous book, and O'Brien's is a book full of humor. But the doctors will get a belly laugh out of both. The boys paid their bills.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 458)

BERNARD SHAW:*
FANNY'S FIRST PLAY
(EPILOGUE)

Well, at all events, you can't deny that the characters in this play were quite distinguishable from one another. That proves it's not by Shaw, because all Shaw's characters are himself: mere puppets stuck up to spout Shaw.

*This is the name affixed to the publication of "Fanny's First Play."

A SPLIT SECOND IN ETERNITY

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Mexico: the Middle Way

COVERING THE MEXICAN FRONT. THE BATTLE OF EUROPE VERSUS AMERICA. By Betty Kirk. Norman, Oklahoma: University of Oklahoma Press. 1942. 367 *pp., and Index.* $3.

Reviewed by CARLETON BEALS

EVER since that disillusioned Populist, Henry Demarest Lloyd, in the early part of this century, pilgrim Liberals have been going to Sweden to discover the middle way. With Nazi submarines poking through the mist of that northern route, ever since the war started the Pilgrims have had to stay home and listen to Henry Wallace. But now, according to Betty Kirk, the middle way has reappeared in Mexico, and so can be discovered without excessive risk by stepping across the Rio Grande.

Apparently the middle-way has moved slightly left, for Miss Kirk calls it a socialist experiment, the first in the Western Hemisphere. Mexico is also a democracy, and Miss Kirk's vivid descriptions of the violent presidential elections of 1940, reveal pretty clearly that the Mexicans get a whale of a lot more fun out of voting than do the folk of Westchester County. In fact it's a grand game of who can grab the ballot-box first and hold it, so that, two years after, according to the author, it is still impossible to say which presidential candidate really won, but there is no doubt, she claims, that the people won in any case.

Whether Miss Kirk has written "the best analysis and truest picture of Mexico of this decade," as ex-Ambassador Josephus Daniels states in his foreword to the book, I do not know, but certainly it is the most vivid book of its kind since J. H. Plenn's "Mexico Marches." It is a fighting book from cover to cover. The author has sincerely taken her stand, and black is black and white is white, without reservations. Mexico may be a middle-of-the-road experiment, but it gets no middle-way treatment from her pen. She lays down her yardstick and lops off everything left over, dumps the scraps in a number of fiery cauldrons broadly labeled, and boils the hide off.

Remorseless is Miss Kirk's portrayal of the moral and intellectual bankruptcy of Lombardo Toledano, former head of the powerful Mexican labor confederation (CTM), in his attempts to follow the Communist line through the vicissitudes of Comintern penetration into Mexico, the Popular front period, the epoch of the Soviet-German alliance, and the more recent Nazi invasion of Russia. June 5, 1941, he was uttering tirades against "putrid" imperialism, Roosevelt, Churchill, etc. June 12, he was cooing eulogies for democracy.

Actually the degeneration of the Mexican Labor movement was due not merely to the jumping-jack attitudes of the fellow-travelers, but to the fact that the Mexican labor movement is in good part an appendage of the administration in power. Each organization politically favored shrinks to very small proportions after each election, and a new, more favored crowd, aided by federal funds, soon puffs up a new one. Also disintegration had resulted from the failure of the workers to make a success of either their management of the confiscated oil industry or of the national railroads.

Her chapter on Fifth Column activities is exhaustive, and if lurid here and there, she cites names, places, and dates. Just ordinary Mexican political "outs" are perhaps too boldly labeled. Quite rightly she brands Spanish Fascism, Falangismo, with its German-trained agents, as the greatest menace still operating, and openly, in the New World. But if that weird farceur Leon Ossorio, as Miss Kirk avers, is the best spearhead for rabble-rousing the Germans could suborn, the Mexicans were never in any great danger of being led into the German camp. Ossorio has been the prize laughing-stock of Mexicans for fifteen years. Sometime Miss Kirk could add to our hilarity by reporting Ossorio's remarkable antics in Peru at the time of Leguis. The fact is, as Miss Kirk specifically discloses, the Nazi-Fascist drive moved forward on twenty different fronts until Mexico's entry into the war put a stop to much of it. She also describes the growth of the powerful local Fascist organization, the Sinarquistas.

Miss Kirk has a keen eye for evaluating the worthwhile leaders of Mexico, men like Beteta and Villaseñor. But while we are grateful for the support of all our friends in Mexico, the mere fact that they are pumping for the United Nations does not require that all be lumped on the same high plane of ability. A few are merely scented marshmallows dripping in the warmth of American official approbation and dollars.

Three minor points need reclassification. Lombardo Toledano did not found the second continental labor organization. Previous to his effort and subsequent to the Pan American Confederation started by Gompers of the A. F. of L., the Comintern promoted an organization which lasted for some years. Its most successful continental convention was held in 1931, and was attended by David Siqueiros, later accused of the murder of Trotsky's secretary. General Pablo Gonzalez did not flee from Mexico after he trapped and killed agrarian leader Emiliano Zapata in 1918, but remained a Carranza general in full glory until 1920, then after Obregon seized power, was accused of fomenting revolt. He was caught up a chimney, photographed covered with soot, and laughed out of the country. Luis Toro could scarcely have been conducting Fascist propaganda for twenty-five years because Mussolini's first Fascio in Milan had not yet been organized.

Miss Kirk's description of Trotsky is brilliant, and she throws much light on the events that led up to his association. She leaves little doubt that she believes it was a GPU job. She appraises the "Trotsky trial" held in Mexico by the Dewey committee with rare common-sense. She saw it for the farce it was—not an effort to get at the truth of anything, but merely a group of "idealistic faces turned in admiration." The committee sat "spellbound and completely magnetized by Trotsky's stronger will and unscrupulous trickery."

There is not a dull moment in this fast-paced book, and Miss Kirk's story of the land movement, the new education, the new diplomacy, the religious controversy, the petroleum dispute and its settlement, is told with the ability of a thorough student and of a quick-eyed reporter. The book has plenty of zest, and Miss Kirk's finger is always on the pulse of every dramatic event.

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The Phoenix Nest

AND here it is New Year's, and this morning we were up till four A.M. at a party! In the confusion of our thoughts, odds and ends of fiction and tags of poetry jostle about. Sara Crewe, Douglas, Douglas Tender and True, "And here I sit and knit and knit something warm for you," the Columbia School of Music—why should we think of that?—this, that, and the other,—ah, what a flotsam! But now we must pull ourself together, shake off the fumes of more holiday champagne, and buckle down to business!

Black Cat Extra

If any of our readers have been sufficiently impressed by our references to the *Black Cat* to wish to own some, Mrs. E. F. Dickieson of 9660 Burnette, Detroit, Michigan says she has seven or eight years of the *Black Cat* in her attic. She would like an offer.

Some Correspondence

Our foreign friend, Arejas Vitkauskas, of Middletown, Ohio, sends us the following lines, which he has entitled, "That Hungry Look":

You comb the air for selling-verses,
But poems breed within your heart—
Where worlds split off from universes—
Without the help of verser's art;
But verser, as we see, is beating
The poet, silent in his nook:
When at the table VERSE is eating,
The POEM has that hungry look

. . .

We are indebted to Agnes Thompson of Lawrence, Kansas, for a copy of *The Bilioustine: A Periodical of Knock* ("Knock, and the world knocks with you: Boost, and you boost alone!") which was in the year 1901 "done into print whenever we need the money, by the Boy Grafters at East Aurora, Illinois." It was originally published in Bert Leston Taylor's "A Line-o'-Type-or-Two" column in the *Chicago Tribune* before the days of the Comic McColonel. Free with every copy of *The Bilioustine* was a jar of Fra McGinnis's celebrated "Love Vibrations." One of the best of the "Side Swipes by the Pastor to his Flock" is:

> A man lay in the shade by the roadside, pulling on a briar pipe. I accosted him as is my wont:
> "Work," said I, "is for the worker."
> "You can't work me, Fra," said the man, "I'm onto you."

We take pleasure in printing the following verse by Alvah W. Sulloway, late of Concord, N. H., now on War work in Washington, D. C.:

SPIRITUAL LAW

The needle's eye would seem to be
A bar to immortality.
The camel cannot make the grade.
His size, poor beast, just will not fade.
Not in the least materialistic,
He's now become quite fatalistic.

The thread has thrown a lucky seven.
It will know the bliss of heaven.
Salvation is the general rule
At the death of every spool.
Preferred upon St. Peter's list,
The thread can be an optimist!

The day before the day before Christmas, we ran into old Quercus in the Gotham Book Mart, and repaired with him to a nearby hostelry for a couple of quick snorts. He had just had his beard trimmed and was complaining of the hair therefrom having dropped inside upon his chest, which somehow reminded us of the unhappy days of winter in our childhood when we were sternly compelled to wear Jaegers. How we itched! No adult itchiness has ever compared with it. It probably acted as a spur to our winter activities!

Age of Faith

Eleanor Heningham of Jane Street, this city, has been kind enough to send us some passage of anciently. The first is modernized with as few changes as possible from the entry in the Laud MS of *The Old English Chronicle* for the year 1051, the second translated from a Latin biography of Edward the Confessor, written between 1066 and 1074, and dedicated to his widow, the Lady Edith, daughter of Earl Godwine. Miss Heningham tells us further: "Both are too frank in their partisanship and too moral to be popular with 'scientific' historians, who rifle them for details of fact but let point-of-view and spirit evaporate. Litterateurs overlook them because their subject is politics, their style their own rather than Cicero's or ours. Still, to me, they are not ineffective examples of the ancient art of writing *pro propaganda fide*. Nor, despite Mr. Cousins on the eleventh century, does the faith which they preach seem to me precisely troglodytic. That reconciliation of freedom and individual right with order, unity, and peace, without which freedom loses much of its value, unity becomes uniformity, and peace is no peace—that also must be

recreated from year to year
In hearts wide open on the Godward side.

We are glad to set before you these original translations by Miss Heningham, from originals printed in the *Rolls Series:*

I

> Then came Eustace from beyond the sea . . . and went to the king and spoke with him that which he would and went then homeward. When he came east to Canterbury, he ate there with his men and went on toward Dover. When he was some miles or more behind Dover, he put on his armor and his companions theirs and continued on to Dover.
>
> When they came thither, then would they find lodgings where they themselves liked. Then came one of his men and would dwell at the house of a townsman against his will and wounded the householder and the householder slew the other. Then was Eustace upon his horse and his companions on theirs and went to the householder and slew him upon his own hearth and went then up to the center of town and slew either within or without more than twenty men, and the townsmen slew nineteen men on the other side and wounded they knew not how many.
>
> And Eustace burst out with a few men and went again to the king, and made known to him in part how they had fared. Then was the king very angry with the townsfolk and sent for Godwine earl and bade him go into Kent with an armed force to Dover, for Eustace had made known to the king that it was more the guilt of the townsfolk than his. But it was not so, and the earl would not agree to that attack because he was loath to harm his own district.
>
> Then sent the king after all his wise men and bade them come to Gloucester soon after Saint Mary's mass. Then had the foreign men built a castle in Herefordshire in Swegn earl's district and done every harm and injury to the king's men thereabouts that they might. Then came Godwine earl and Swegn earl and Harold earl together at Beaverstone and many men with them for the purpose of going to the king of their people and to the wise men who were gathered with him that they might have the king's advice and help and that of all his wise men about how they might right this injury to the king and all the people. Then were the foreign men before them with the king and slandered the earls so that they might not come into his eyesight. For they said that the earls would come thither to betray the king.
>
> There was come there to the king Siward earl and Leofric earl and many folk with them from the north, and it was made known to Godwine and his sons that the king and the men who were with him would ride against them. And they prepared firmly against that though it was loathful to them to have to take a stand against the king of their people. But then the wise men decided that on either side men cease from each evil, and the king gave God's peace and his full friendship on both sides. And the king and his wise men decided that they should have another meeting of all the wise in London at the harvest even-night.

(The early English "meeting of the wise" foreshadowed Parliament in purpose though not in organization, and it is clear from what follows that the "wise men" intended that at the later meeting Godwine and his sons have a chance to answer the charges against them, but that the "slanderers" maneuvered them into exile unheard. A year later, when Godwine at popular request returned with a fleet, the "slanderers" themselves fled as fast

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as they were able. They were friends the king had made during his youth abroad and later given estates and offices in England, the chief among them being at this time Archbishop of Canterbury. But the issue cannot have been foreigners, or even the king's friends, as such, since Bishop William of London who fled with others was presently recalled and (still others left undisturbed.)

II

When, therefore, the king had heard of Godwine's violent and unauthorized entry into his kingdom, though he did not really believe those who told him, he came to London with such troops as he could and was in so angry and vigorous a mood that he tried to prevent Godwine's entrance into the city for which he was aiming. But all the city went out to meet the earl with aid and reënforcement, and all the citizens with one voice wished him good success in his coming.

And since the numbers from all sides gave him superior strength, a good many even urged that they attack the king himself. But the earl, loyal and devoted to God, shrank from this utterly in both word and wish. "If only," he said, "I may have in my heart the witness of its loyalty, I should rather die than that I should have done, or do, or even permit while I live another to do, anything unfitting or evil to my lord, the king."

And since all were much disordered by an enterprise of this sort, he straightway, when he saw the king, threw aside his arms and knelt at his feet, praying as a suppliant that the king, in the name of Christ the symbol of Whose kingdom he was wearing on the crown upon his head, would grant that he be permitted to prove himself innocent of the crime charged and allow him, when he had so cleared himself, the grace of his peace.

The king was not only influenced by the explanation and clemency of the earl, who he saw was certainly stronger than he in armed right, but also especially defenseless because of the flight of the archbishop and many of his men who feared the appearance of the earl since they were indeed the authors of this violent disturbance. Therefore, finally won over by the prayers of those who besought him, he returned the earl's arms and walked with him to the palace; there little by little being calmed of his burning agitation of mind, he followed the advice of his wise men and, giving the earl a kiss of peace, pardoned all his offenses and also granted his grace not only to the earl himself but to his sons.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Burns: "To a Louse."
2. Vachel Lindsay: "The Congo."
3. Tennyson: "Flower in the Crannied Wall."
4. Service: "The Shooting of Dan McGrew."
5. Coleridge: "Kubla Khan."
6. Calverley: "Ode to Tobacco."
7. Shakespeare: "The Merchant of Venice."
8. Richard Hovey: "A Stein Song."
9. Herrick: "Upon Julia's Clothes."
10. Gray: "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard."
11. John Donne: "Song." (Go and catch a falling star.)
12. Browning: "The Pied Piper."
13. Pope: "Essay on Man."
14. Oscar Wilde: "Ballad of Reading Gaol.
15. Edward Lear: "The Owl and the Pussycat."
16. Poe: "The Bells."
17. Lewis Carroll: "Jabberwocky."
18. Ogden Nash: "The Baby." (A bit of talcum is always walcum.)
19. Walt Whitman: "Song of Myself."
20. Rossetti: "The Ballad of Dead Ladies."

"THIS FREEDOM"

(*Continued from page* 10)

ployment. Mr. Willkie has been saying some good things recently, too, which do not precisely jibe with Mr. Hoover's oversimplification that "reforms . . . dislocate the war effort."

Brother, we don't care how the new order of things comes in America! But we seem to hear a great groundrumble of its coming, even though Mr. Witherow wrote a hurt letter to *Time*. We're not hearing it from the Old Guard, that still leads a saurian existence in the early Mesozoic, and does not recognize volcanic eruptions, or even a Hottentot child! It will not be any Hitlerian new order, nor—though the name Stalingrad will stand forever as a flaming symbol of a great united people who hurled back a tremendous and evil foe—will it be a new order according to Stalin. But it is bound to be part of a *world* new order. It will make full use of the miracle of American engineering and production. It will lead American industry out of the wilderness, and give it back a country to serve. For the new spirit in American industry, both management and labor, we have great respect. For a final welding of the best features of private enterprise and government regulation we have every hope.

Certainly a literary magazine is stepping out of its province to say much more than this; but any apology for this editorial must be based on the fact that the climate of today's world is electric with great phenomena. Those of picayune mind, those who lack imagination, will be unequal to the vast problems of our future. But to the most inventive and resourceful country in the world (achievement being emulated now by the Soviet Union) the violent and pregnant present constitutes a challenge that may well spur us to a great stride forward.

W. R. B.

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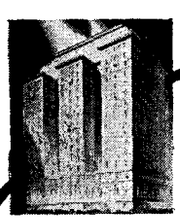

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The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE SINGING CORPSE *Bernard Dougall* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Stranglings in suburban N. Y. hot-spot involve dance band arranger. Publicity man Borden horns in, with satisfactory results.	Well filled with action, tough characters, garish swing band lingo and quick-witted detecting—although payoff is not unexpected.	Good
THE YELLOW VIOLET *Frances Crane* (J. P. Lippincott Co.: $2.)	On eve of wedding, sleuth Pat Abbott refers pretty girl client to friendly operative who promptly perishes. Abbott lets matrimony wait.	Lively and breezily written tale of murder, fascist intrigue, etc., in California. Characters entertaining and action rapid but yarn is slightly plot-heavy.	Readable

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The Unfolding Greatness of Grant

GRANT OF APPOMATTOX: A Study of the Man. By William E. Brooks. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. 1942. 346 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THE military career of Grant has a never-failing fascination, upon the secret of which Walt Whitman placed a sure finger when in 1879 the general returned from his circuit of the globe. Cynics wonder what the hurrahing mob sees in Grant, wrote Whitman; but "he proves how an average Western farmer, mechanic, boatman, carried by tides of circumstance, perhaps caprices, into a position of incredible military or civic responsibilities . . . may steer his way fitly and steadily through them all, carrying the country and himself with credit year after year, command over a million armed men, fight more than fifty pitch'd battles"—and then retire phlegmatically with a cigar. This is the Grant which Mr. Brooks sees; the hero who illustrates the superiority of the democratic process, who proves the ability of free America to produce leadership from the most unpromising quarters. In Grant, as in Lincoln, common stuff was lifted by crisis to very uncommon powers. Both personified not only the homely virtues of the West, but qualities even more fundamentally American—the resourcefulness developed by the hard knocks of American democracy, the faith in the plain man fostered by its camaraderie, the vision engendered by its hopefulness.

Mr. Brooks's compressed study, rather a three-hundred-page essay on Grant's mind and character than a biography, aptly fits our present moment. He is not interested in a criticism of Grant's generalship, or in a definition of those human limitations which became so glaring during Grant's presidency. He wishes to show how a plain man, gifted with sincerity, tenacity, and shrewd intelligence, grew until he mastered a crisis. The analysis deepens our faith in the American system, while it has inspiration in carrying wartime morals which each reader can apply to himself. Sam Grant, said the Confederate leader Ewell in 1861, "is not a man of genius, but he is clear-headed, quick and daring"; Ewell hoped the North would not find him. Thanks mainly to Elihu Washburne, he was found. Mr. Brooks, in pages so interesting that they seem anecdotal but that actually are often models of condensation and selection, tells how the general grew. At Belmont he learned how indispensable it was to possess reserves; at Fort Donelson he taught himself the value of thrust and pugnacity. Shiloh came near terminating his career, and that approach to disaster taught him the value of surprise. Before Vicksburg he learned that perseverance turns defeat into victory. His self-confidence rose—perhaps partly because his hard-bitten Western veterans grew more nearly irresistible. Some qualities were innate and never needed to be acquired; modesty, for example, and a loyalty to comrades and lieutenants which won the complete devotion of his army. Nor did he have to learn steadfastness of purpose, for as Charnwood says, "the sense that the war could be put through and must be put through possessed his soul."

Readers who wish a carefully balanced and incisively critical survey of Grant will turn elsewhere, as will readers who wish to penetrate some of the deeper psychological mysteries of the man; mysteries into which Horace Porter, Jacob D. Cox, Henry Adams, and others have flashed penetrating rays, but which still in part baffle us. But those who wish to study the unfolding greatness of Grant 1861-65 will find this volume a valuable guide. Unpretentious in character, it presents the fruits of careful study, and it is based upon a laborious search of original records and manuscript materials as well as the obvious printed works. The chapter called "An Old Diary" has some remarkable new information upon Grant and Sherman at Chattanooga and Missionary Ridge. The book is a useful addition to the literature upon Grant, and a timely contribution to the sustenance of the nation's morale in the other great war effort that is now in progress.

The Heritage of Hinduism

THE GOSPEL OF SRI RAMAKRISHNA: Originally recorded in Bengali by M.: Translated with an Introduction by Swami Nikhilananda. New York: Ramakrishna-Vivekananda Center. 1942. 1,027 *pp.* $7.50.

Reviewed by SHRIDHARANI

IF one were to reconstruct the series of highlights in America's consciousness of India, one would inevitably start with Swami Vivekananda. It was he who for the first time focussed the attention of great American philosophers and literati, of teachers and intellectuals, on the rich religions and philosophic heritage of Hinduism which had until then remained untapped save by the early New England school of Boston Brahminism.

Swami Vivekananda had come to the United States ostensibly to attend the first Congress of Religions held at Chicago. But his august personality and physical beauty, his ringing voice which carried in fluent English his profound and intriguingly alien thought, soon captivated discerning American audiences. He remained as the interpreter of Indian culture and carried his work far beyond his originally planned scope. His numerous lectures in this country fill several volumes and remain to this day one of the most precious sources of America's information about India's ancient philosophy. Moreover, it is his own disciples that constitute that small band of genuine Swamis in the United States—Swami Nikhilananda, translator of the present work, being one of them—where most of the self-styled Swamis are mere fakers.

Thus America owes a great deal to Swami Vivekananda who, in turn, owed his all to Sri Ramakrishna, the hero of the book and one of India's more recent saints. Apart from his contribution to India's religious reform and revival, Sri Ramakrishna stands out as a shining light in that country's renaissance. The defeat at the hands of the West and Western culture was driving India's youth to the conclusion that India's tragedy lay in too much religion. They were thus becoming the disciples of the atheism and agnosticism of Mill and Bentham. Countless brilliant young men of India were saved by Sri Ramakrishna—Swima Vivekananda being one of them—from this tragedy of counter-extreme.

There is no better book, in the reviewer's judgment, on the flesh-and-blood personality of Sri Ramakrishna than the one under review. In fact, the book is unique in the literature of religious masters all the world over. It is a glorified version of the "Imitation of Christ," with this difference: the central hero is not the same. There is another but vital difference. While the "Imitation of Christ" was a fine work of lofty imagination, "The Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna" is a faithful recording of the day-to-day doings of the master. As such, its fascination is indescribable. It is the sort of book that one keeps by one's pillow and dips into when the mood moves one in order to get poetic and spiritual soothing.

This book does not fall into any category recognized by modern book-writing. Its main charm lies in the very naivete of its original author who

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self-effacingly called himself "M." There is no method in "M.'s" report, no discernment; he has jolted down whatever he witnessed. The result is a great human document in spite of "M."; for the subject was so great and so was his varied experience.

Swami Nikhilananda of the New York Ramakrishna-Vivckananda Center has rendered us a great service by translating this voluminous work into fine English. He has also written a very illuminating introduction. But that part leaves something to be desired. Since the present translation is primarily for the benefit of Americans interested in Hinduism and in religious experience, the introduction should have included an account of Swami Vivckananda's work in America. It should also have tried to interpret Sri-Ramakrishna's *samadhi* in the light of modern psychology.

Aldous Huxley, in a eulogistic preface, alludes to "M.'s" Boswellian quality. That may or may not be true, but the book is indeed unusual and strongly catching. It should have a wider circulation among the groups already interested in the movement. For, the contemporary war is driving back Americans to spiritual springs, and reading this book is one of the best spiritual experiences. Moreover, there emerges out of it a saint who is not only saintly, but witty and wise, at times most humanly mischievous, and always entertaining.

"TELL AMERICA WHAT THEY HAVE DONE TO US . . ."

(*Continued from page 7*)

and Mr. Hill participated. The crap games which started each night at eleven and broke up at five a.m. are also given considerable space.

But what of Alice Grube, the young schoolteacher who was thrown into prison for the questions she asked in her geography class? What of the irrepressible Joe Dynan and Bob Bellaire, the young reporters who witnessed and shared so much tragedy? What of Eugene Dooman, the counsellor at the American Embassy, whose brilliance and linguistic skill became a legend on the boat? What of the men who lost their toes, or who came out of prison stammering? Aboard the *Gripsholm*, there were a thousand dramatic tales. Mr. Hill has told us facts, but in no single incident has he reached inside of a man and told us what he found.

MR. HILL himself is the strangest enigma of the book. He spent the months of his imprisonment memorizing "Othello" and when he was finally sentenced to eighteen months, he spent the last five days in his old cell, speeding up his work of memorization for he believed that his books would be taken from him, and he wished to have the full text of "Othello" in his mind. But one day, Mr. Hill decided to commit suicide. He made a noose of the cord in his pyjama trousers and tried to strangle himself "Every time I'd choke and gasp I'd find myself tearing at the noose to loosen it in spite of myself . . . this went on all night." Next he tried slashing his wrist with a piece of broken glass. He made one experiment, "to see whether it would hurt." Apparently it did, for he reports; "I never did muster enough courage to do the job. I just kept on thinking about it and worrying."

"Exchange Ship" is an important book. Perhaps Mr. Hill has not realized its full importance or perhaps he has felt that its light, chatty, and cocky style will win for it readers who would not plough through a more solid account of what has happened in the Far East. Mr. Hill has been given too, a great privilege, for he is speaking for the thousands of United Nation Nationals who still remain in Japanese hands and who are today enduring in a more intense form the tortures which we who returned on the *Gripsholm* have escaped. Mr. Hill has done little to publicize the fate of those left behind. Those of us who are spending all of our time and effort to make good our promises to those who are now interned, that they shall not be forgotten, know that only a few books of Japanese internment camps and prisons will reach the public. We wish that he might have heard the pleas of the internees at Stanley:

> Do not let them forget us. Tell America what they have done to us. Don't let our suffering be in vain. Ask them to build ships and buy bonds and fight in our name. If our suffering can bring a quicker victory, it is not wasted. Please, please, do not let it be wasted. If they know what is in store for them if they lose, dear Lord, how they will fight!

—Seal of Samuel French

"Law or No Law"

LAND HUNGER: David L. Payne and the Oklahoma Boomers. By Carl Coke Rister. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 1942. 245 *pp.* $2.75.

NO figure in Oklahoma history had a stormier career than David L. Payne, a rough and ready border adventurer who for half a dozen years led the movement to break down the tribal governments in Indian Territory and force the opening of wide tracts to white settlers. Though an Indianian by birth, he was reared on the Kansas frontier, where he acquired a boisterous, speculative temper, picturesque personal vices, and lawless ways. Becoming interested in the wealth of the Indian Territory, he organized a "Colonization Association" at the end of the seventies, and at the beginning of 1880 appealed to land-hungry men of the Southwest to join him in lawlessly planting a colony of ten thousand people on the "Oklahoma Lands" then held by the Indians. During the next four years he made a series of armed incursions into the Indian Territory, each time being ejected by the United States Army. His death in 1884 did not put an end to these "Boomer" invasions, and the movement was continued by his lieutenants until it, with other factors, finally led to the organization of Oklahoma Territory.

Payne is necessarily regarded with mixed feelings by the people of the Southwest. But his wild career was well worthy of a book, and in this careful and interesting volume Dr. Rister has made him more than a striking individual figure—he has made him the type and representative of a large and important group. He and his fellow-crusader W. L. Couch championed the poor who wanted farms against powerful ranchers and corporation land-grabbers as well as against the tribes who held more land than they could use. Their methods were reprehensible, but their energy and tenacity hastened the opening of Oklahoma to a host of landless folk. Dr. Rister's chapter on "Trial by Blizzard" shows how much genuine heroism went into the foray of the determined colonizers who wanted homes on the North Canadian, law or no law.

A. N.

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The Crostics Club

MISS Alves Long, Columbia, S. C., encloses an editorial from a local paper commenting on President Roosevelt's sarcastic reply, when asked as to the wisdom of raising an army too large to be supplied from the home-front, in terms of "discombobulating the domestic economy," and she asks, "Is *discombobulating* a new word—it's not in the dictionary?" It's certainly not new, for I myself have been using it for years as one of those lush onomatopoetic words—like *towrow*—but, as she says, it is not in Webster nor do I find it in the recent "Thesaurus of Slang." Now, we are curious to know whether President Roosevelt's use of it will make it dictionary-grade slang or authorized English?

Some puzzlers tell me that they like my nice discrimination in definitions and I honestly insist that I take them from Webster. For the first time, however, that standard authority has let me down. *Allergy* is a word in comparatively recent common use. I think that we adults know its significance, though the proverbial schoolboy might be justified for once in replying to his teacher, "I know what it is but I can't express it." Webster runs on as follows:

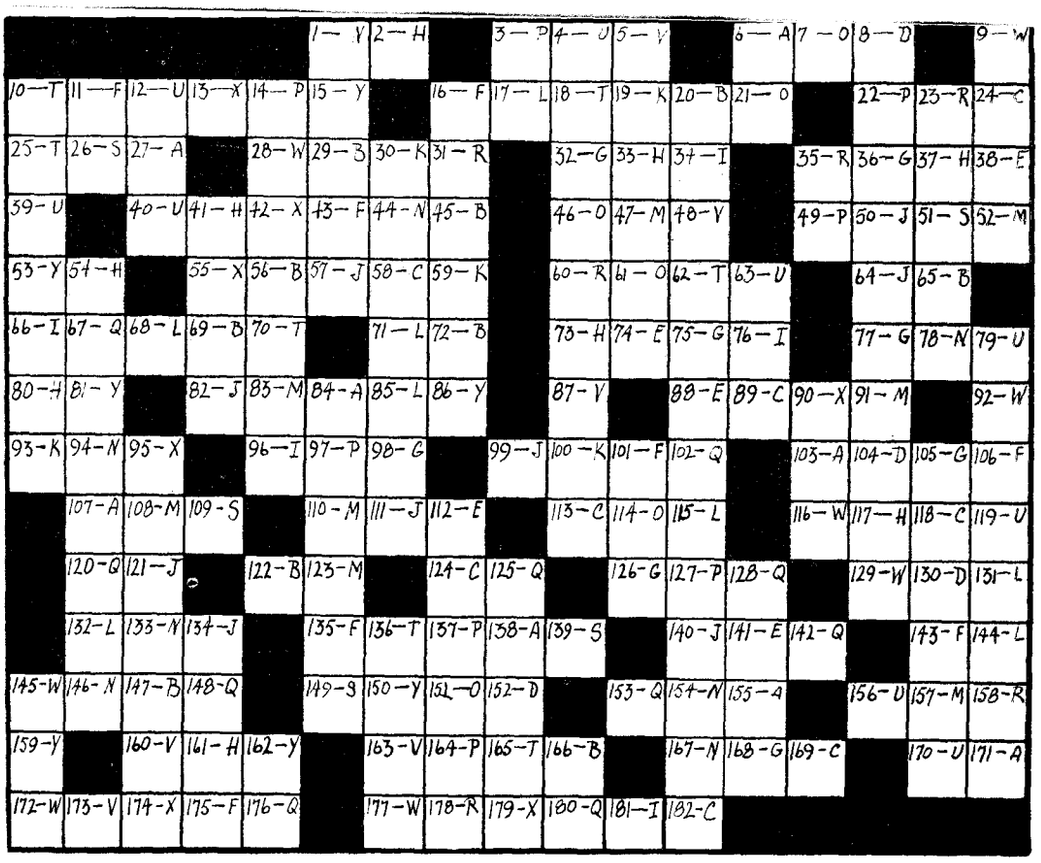
> *Immunol.* The altered degree of susceptibility caused by a primary inoculation or treatment, as with a specific germ or foreign substance, and manifested in reaction to a subsequent inoculation or treatment with the same thing as in the tuberculin reaction and the phenomenon of anaphylaxis.

Doesn't some dictionary compiler owe it to the common man to suggest the implication of *allergy* as used today outside the medical profession?

I wonder, incidentally, whether you references users are familiar with the helps the Dictionary affords in locating words that fall into certain classes. For instance, a letter in the Greek alphabet, of two letters, you'll find on page 75, must be *mu, nu, pi,* or *xi;* important battles are listed on 233, and similarly may be found collections of State flowers, birds, stars, coins, etc. In the *Gazetteer* section after geographical data historical facts are noted—thus if you are on the track of *Eutaw Springs,* besides noting that it is a branch of the Santee River, S. C., you'll read of it as the site of a battle in 1781, and thus with New Sweden, Kittyhawk, Shrewsbury, and such.

Dr. Lewellys F. Barker, Baltimore, joins others in comment on my use of too many new words in No. 452, pleading that if I hit you thus hard too often, some of you may become discouraged. I hereby promise to watch my steps, barring the ones already in the hands of the *S.R.L.*—for I send them in batches.

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 459

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. A sauce of fine herbs, tarragon, mayonnaise, etc.

B. Active; alert (phrase).

C. To knock or strike down (colloq.; 2 wds.)

D. A vale associated with Persephone (Gr. Myth.)

E. Composer of "The Fashionable Lady" (1730—first Am. play in London).

F. A hint or indication.

G. Author of a standard work, "The Navigator" (Salem, 1802).

H. To collide with (Naut.—3 wds.)

I. Ready to be drawn (ale phrase).

J. Composer of "The Old Oaken Bucket."

K. A simpleton.

L. Prevalent without authority (phrase).

M. Turnip-shaped (Bot.)

N. Teutonic.

O. Up in heaven (phrase).

P. A son of Jacob (Bib.)

Q. An imaginary location of comfort and prosperity (colloq.; 2 wds.)

R. Lacking liveliness, grace, etc.

S. City in Utah.

T. Uneasy; fidgeting about.

U. Terrifying.

V. Persian National Assembly.

W. Turks.

X. Amends.

Y. Tested or tried out.

WORDS

171 107 138 84 27 103 6 155

29 20 45 69 65 147 122 56 73 166

124 113 182 118 89 24 169 58

8 104 152 130

112 74 38 88 141

11 43 135 16 175 143 101 106

32 36 77 98 75 126 105 168

45 33 117 2 41 37 80 161 73

181 76 34 96 66

82 121 99 134 57 111 50 140 64

100 19 93 30 59

17 131 85 71 115 132 68 144

108 157 52 47 110 123 83 91

44 1 167 154 78 133 146 94

61 114 7 151 21 46

97 3 49 127 14 137 22 164

125 67 120 102 176 153 180 128 142 148

35 23 178 60 31 158

51 149 109 139 26

10 136 165 70 25 18 62

39 12 63 156 170 119 40 79 4

163 87 160 5 173 48

92 172 145 116 129 9 28 177

179 90 55 42 95 174 13

53 15 159 150 162 86 81

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ANNOUNCING

THE OLD SOUTH ISSUE

[JANUARY 23, 1943]

of *The Saturday Review* of LITERATURE

[Third in a series of special issues devoted to a "cultural inventory of America," embracing the states of Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina, Kentucky and Central and Eastern Tennessee.]

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